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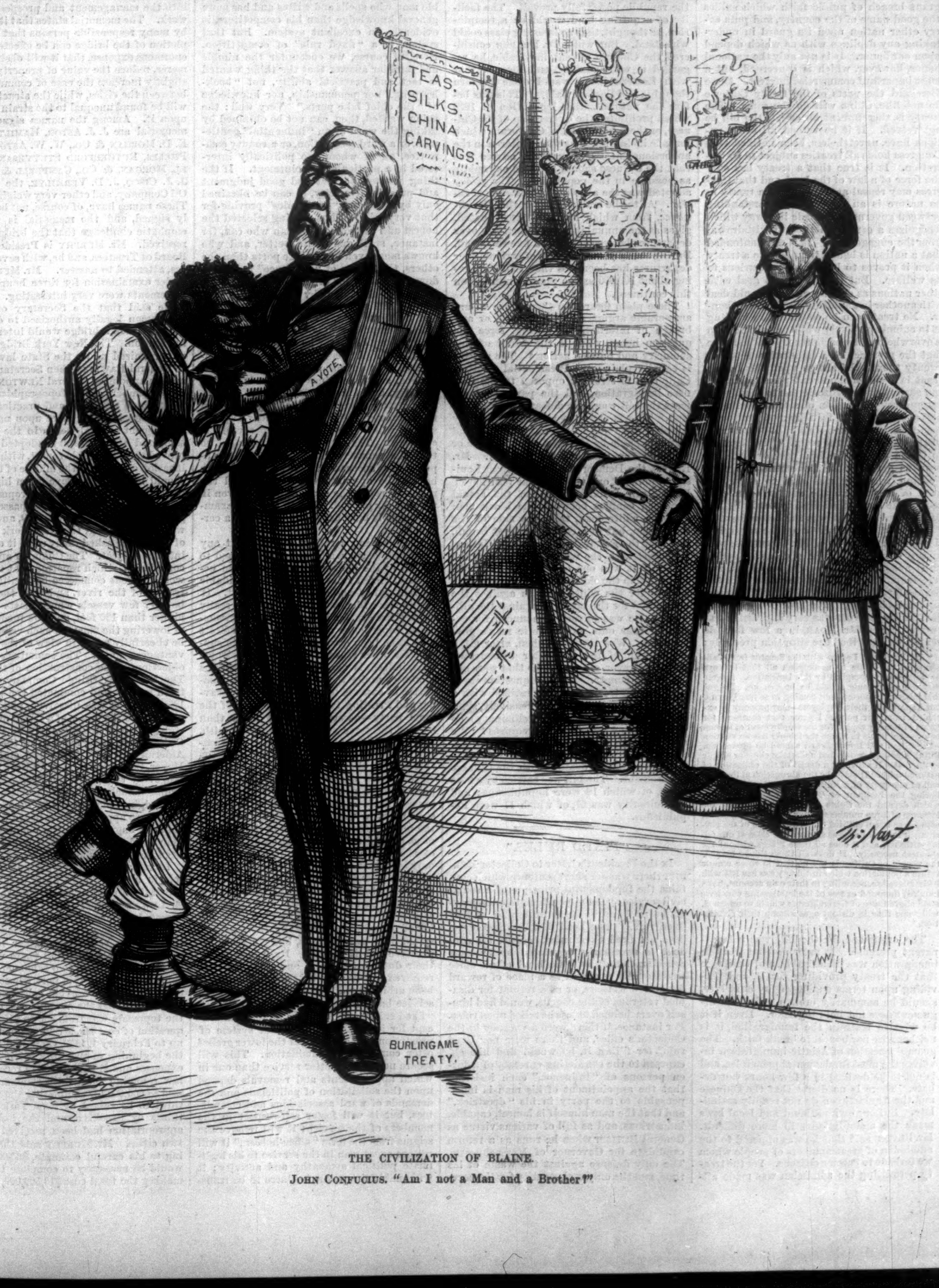
TEAS, SILKS, CHINA CARVINGS.
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BURLINGAME TREATY.
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THE CIVILIZATION OF BLAINE.

JOHN CONFUCIUS. "Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 8, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "The Awakening," *a spirited double-page sketch of an engagement in Afghanistan, and other interesting matters.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A BREACH OF NATIONAL FAITH.

CONGRESS has announced to the world that the United States intend to break treaties at their pleasure. The peremptory abrogation of the Chinese treaty is a flagrant breach of public faith which sullies the good name of the country, and puts every other nation upon its guard in undertaking any dealings with us which depend upon our honor. It is not only the national honor, however, which is concerned, but a most important commercial interest. As we disregard the parts of the treaty that we do not like, China will do the same. The treaty is, therefore, at an end, if the bill be not vetoed. If it be vetoed, all other nations have, nevertheless, been notified that Congress holds all treaties subject to its discretion. It is true that a treaty has only the force of a law of the land, and that Congress may repeal any law. But a treaty in its nature is an honorable understanding between governments, made in a way which recognizes a certain method of withdrawal from the engagement. It is not contended that a nation is bound to adhere to a treaty when it proves to be seriously injurious to its welfare. But it is bound to deal with other nations as one honest man would deal with another in annulling a contract of honor. No treaty can be construed as holding us to submit passively while our civilization is overwhelmed by barbarism. But to argue that the presence of a hundred and ten or twenty thousand Chinese upon the Pacific coast is such an imminent peril to American society and civilization as to justify the peremptory abrogation of a treaty, without notice or attempted friendly modification, is insulting to common-sense. It was stated in the debate that the return of immigrants to China during the last year or two had been as great as the movement this way. Nothing whatever was said to show the need of urgency in the matter, even conceding the force of all that was said by Mr. Sargent. But such was the determination "to put it through" that even the very questionable amendment of Mr. Conkling, providing substantially for a delay of action until notice could be served on China, was rejected. There has been no debate in the Senate for a long time which was so earnest and so interesting. Mr. Edmunds's protest just before the vote was very impressive and emphatic, and Mr. Hoar, in a few forcible sentences, described the situation precisely:

> "Mr. President, I agree with the Senator from California in the desire to accomplish all that he says he desires to accomplish by this legislation. I agree that the cooly trade should be broken up. I agree that laborers imported—not coming in as immigrants, but imported by their employers—may properly be excluded from our ports. I agree that contracts for terms of time by capital for the employment of human beings—contracts in which the laborer has no volition—are illegal and immoral, and should be broken up. But this legislation does not undertake alone or simply to do that. It starts by a denial of the obligation of national faith. It starts by the abrogation at the mere will of one party of a solemn treaty. It starts by relieving the Emperor of China of obligations upon which depend the rights and the property and the business of large numbers of our own fellow-citizens, who are as much entitled to the protection of the government in their business as any other class of our fellow-citizens; and it does all these things without the slightest necessity. It does all these things because the people of California tell us that in some remote future a population which in thirty years has left with its immigration, according to their own account, but a hundred thousand excess of the immigrants who have staid above those of the emigrants who have returned, will some time in distant ages swamp their civilization."

The argument for the bill was a transparent pretense. It asserted that Chinese immigration was undesirable, and therefore that the treaty providing for it, and providing upon terms suggested by ourselves, should be summarily broken. But the argument does not hold together. Even if it be wise to restrain the immigration, it is neither wise nor honest to break faith. The general question of Asiatic immigration involves the most fundamental principles, and is not to be decided in a few hours' hot debate. There is no doubt that the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon do not readily assimilate. But our own national and local laws make the assimilation still more difficult. Mr. Blaine said that he was opposed to the admission of great numbers of people whom we forbade to become citizens. Yet the treaty permitting the admission was made after the prohibition of naturalization. From Mr. Blaine's point of view his argument was a reason for urging the abrogation of the treaty in a fair and recognized manner, not for summarily breaking it without the pretense of reason for the indecent haste. Indeed, throughout the debate, there was no real reason whatever advanced for the action contemplated. The apprehension of a Chinese deluge of immigration is not new. Fourteen years ago, Dr. John W. Draper, in his *Civil Policy of America*, considered the subject carefully, and held that the Pacific coast was destined hereafter to be the scene of an active Asiatic immigration. The Chinese population of California in 1860 was nearly 35,000. Dr. Draper thought that their view of America as a temporary home sprang from the natural timidity of early adventurers. But as they came with more settled intentions, the universal but temporary antipathy between different races would yield, and the general principles of the republic powerfully prevail. The facility of acquiring land would be a temptation, he thought, that no laboring class could withstand. But while Dr. Draper considered the Chinese advent inevitable, he regarded it with anxiety, and foresaw that with Eastern blood would come Eastern thoughts and Eastern habits. This was before the naturalization legislation of 1870 which prohibited the citizenship of the Chinese, or the school laws of California which forbade including Mongolian children in the apportionment. Dr. Draper's advice was that the Chinese should be fused as rapidly as possible in the population. The policy adopted was the absolute prohibition of fusion. As to the actual number, the *Alta Almanac*, from which Mr. Howland quoted, gives as the annual increase of arrivals over departures between four and five thousand. During thirty years the gain of arrivals over departures has been less than 140,000, leaving about 100,000 as the present number on this continent.

These plain figures, in themselves an unanswerable argument against haste or any breach of international comity, force the question home, what is the secret of this summary and hurried action? The answer is equally plain—the Presidential election. California is strongly opposed to the Chinese immigration, and the party that defeats the bill would be defeated in the election. This is the reason openly stated by well-informed observers on the spot, and made probable by the total want of force or point in the speeches for the bill. Mr. Eustis, the Democratic Senator from Louisiana, pointed out the singular position of Republican Senators who, in the actual Southern conflict between the black man and the white man, take the side of the black man, but in a contest not yet begun, and only to arise, if ever, in a remote future, take part with the white man against the yellow. It was one of the sayings of Mr. Douglas, in the old antislavery debate, that he was for the white man as against the negro, and for the negro as against the alligator. He was bitterly denounced for declaring that ours was a white man's government. Was Douglas, then, after all, a Republican of the day after to-morrow? These, however, are questions that were not before the Senate. The sole question there was, Shall a treaty solemnly ratified with a friendly power be violated, offensively, summarily, without taking any preliminary step which fair and honest comity requires? We are glad that, with two or three exceptions, the whole Republican weight of the Senate insisted upon fair dealing with the Chinese government. The bill was carried by a vote of 39, of which 18 were Republicans; and the minority was 27, of which 17 were Republicans.

"FIXED RULES."

In the President's letter to Collector Merritt there was one short sentence which contains the fundamental principle of a sound civil service: "Let appointments and removals be made on business principles, and by fixed rule." The head of a business house does not need fixed rules, because his conduct is necessarily regulated by business considerations. But the head of an office traditionally regarded as a place of reward for active workers, or as a retreat for disabled veterans of the caucus, would find himself overwhelmed unless he relied upon rules. For instance, if there were a vacancy in the Collector's office, and there were no "fixed rule" for filling it, he would find himself exposed to the conflicting entreaty of a dozen persons of "influence," each insisting that the appointment of his man is indispensable to the party in his "deestrick," and that the man himself is honest, capable, industrious, and as full of various virtue as General Butler when he runs as a reform candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. The only defense against the waste of his time, and the only real security for the service that the Collector under such circumstances can have, is a "fixed rule" by which the appointment is made to depend not upon the representation of an interested person, but upon the candidate's own proof of his fitness.

At this point appears the value of a competitive examination. It is said that the lower places at which the entrance is to be made are of a kind that any body who is honest and of an average capacity can fill. Probably; and if the object be to propitiate influence, the Collector will not go wrong in appointing the honest and average applicant who has the most influence. But if the purpose be to escape influence, a "fixed rule" becomes indispensable. Honest men of an average capacity differ in many things. Some can spell better than others; some can write a better hand; some have more general knowledge. Now a method which, while it abolishes "influence," also secures for the public service the honest and capable man who spells and writes and has more general knowledge than his competitors, is evidently an excellent system. But that system is a "fixed rule" of competition. Here, of course, we encounter the nimble and familiar answer that the thing wanted is tact and practical ability, not "book-learning," nor penmanship, nor knowledge of "the chief lake ports." Very well: the thing wanted, then, can not be obtained by taking the word of an "influential" gentleman, or a ward association, or a county committee, all of whom are politically interested in a particular appointment. If the thing wanted be tact and good judgment and practical capacity, it can be obtained only by trial, and "fixed rules" provide for that very trial. Thus, having selected the honest and capable gentleman who can, for instance, spell and write better, and who knows more even of the lake ports than the others, the power of "influence" is broken down, and then his practical ability is tested by actual trial, or by probation, as it is called. All this is done by "fixed rules," and by them only. The object of a competitive examination is to ascertain the one among forty or fifty who is really the most intelligent. A "pass" or "standard" examination is no defense against pressure of influence, and determines not who is best of the fifty, but who among the fifty can answer certain questions. The questions and the character of the answers under a "pass" system will be always at the mercy of the examiner. They can be easily arranged so that the person whom it is wished to appoint may succeed in answering, and then he will be appointed from among all the rest who reach the same minimum, even if they go far beyond. For in such an examination it is only necessary to "pass" a certain point.

In beginning a reform of system at any particular office, which must be assumed to be full of the abuses that make reform necessary, "fixed rules," also, are unavoidable for removal as well as for appointment. If the abuses which reformers denounce really exist, there are, for instance, in the Custom-house superfluous and incompetent officers who have been quartered upon public support for other reasons than their efficiency. This, indeed, is one of the most notorious of abuses under the old system. The committee of experts in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing two years ago—all of the same party—ascertained that more than half of the force could be dispensed with. The temptation under a system of patronage is to make places. Even General Butler admits that with a swarm of hungry office-seekers surrounding the appointing power, under a system of patronage, it is impossible to abolish needless offices or to stop leaks in the Treasury. To weed out the incompetents will be one of the first and most painful duties of a just administration of the Custom-house, and it can be done only by "fixed rules." A Collector or a Naval Officer or Surveyor might well hesitate personally to turn adrift clerks, some of them old, all of them dependent. But these officers hold a public trust, which they are bound to administer not by their private sympathies and feelings, but for the most effective public service. By "fixed rules" their duty can be done, and those who are removed will be satisfied that they have not been arbitrarily dealt with. When thus the service has been made thoroughly efficient, "fixed rules" will prescribe no removals except for legitimate cause, a fair system of promotion, and entrance at the lower grades after competitive examination. This will secure not only a better service than one in which appointments and removals depend upon the solicitation of politicians and the demands of ward associations and committees, but it will foster self-respect in the members of the service; it will remove the stigma from the term "office-holder;" it will restore every man in the service to his legitimate political sympathy and activity; it will enable the public business to be transacted upon a business footing; it will moderate the fury of party spirit and political contention by preventing the public service from being regarded as party plunder.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

There is certainly no more prominent object to a traveller about New York than the Brooklyn Bridge, and there is probably very little generally known about its details and prospects. It lies, of course, under the general suspicion that attaches to every great public enterprise in this neighborhood, of being a job of some kind, and the recent visit of a sub-committee of the Assembly Committee on Commerce and Navigation was very timely, as eliciting from Mr. Henry C. Murphy a clear and comprehensive statement of the condition of the undertaking. An imposing memorial has been presented to the Legislature, signed by some two hundred conspicuous citizens, asking for inquiry into the management and prospects of the work. The memorial states that it is feared by many responsible persons that the completion of the bridge can be effected only at enormous expense, that it will obstruct commerce, reduce the value of property, and but slightly increase the ease of communication between the cities, while the structure itself will be found unequal to the strain to be put upon it. Among the names signed to the memorial are J. J. Astor, Hamilton Fish, E. D. Morgan & Co., W. W. Astor, Royal Phelps, Rutherford Stuyvesant, Drexel, Morgan, & Co., Campbell & Thayer, J. J. Cisco, J. D. Vermilye, the Standard Oil Company, and other very weighty names. These names have, of course, not been lightly signed, and the memorial is the most emphatic challenge that the bridge has yet received. Mr. Murphy is President of the Board of Trustees, and he, with several trustees, attended to answer. Mr. Murphy was under examination for three hours, and his statements were very interesting.

He said that the Secretary of War is the person legally authorized to determine whether such a bridge would interfere with navigation. The New York Bridge Company, organized under the State law, applied to General Rawlins, then Secretary of War, and he appointed General Newton and two other members of the Topographical Bureau to examine the plans and practicability of the bridge, and the effect upon navigation. They spent several weeks in the examination, and the Secretary adopted and approved their favorable report, with one modification only—that the middle of the bridge should be 135 feet above mean high water, instead of 130, as the plan proposed. The bill authorizing the work was passed by Congress on the 3d of March, 1869, and while it was still pending, the New York Chamber of Commerce asked delay until it could look into the subject. The Chamber appointed a commission, which reported that the bridge would benefit commerce by facilitating the transit of the river, and that there would be very few vessels whose masts would be higher than 130 feet, and the inconvenience of lowering the masts of such vessels should be cheerfully borne in view of the great advantages gained. The committee found no objection to the construction of the bridge. The New York Bridge Company was chartered in 1867, and conducted the work until 1875, when it was dissolved, and the work passed into the hands of a Board of Trustees, eight of whom are appointed by the Mayor, Comptroller, and President of the Board of Aldermen in New York, and eight by the Mayor, Comptroller, and Auditor of Brooklyn, every two years, the Mayor and Comptroller of each city being ex-officio members. The original plans made by the elder Roebling were approved by a board of the most eminent engineers in the country, and the plan as adopted by the War Department has been faithfully followed in every particular.

In reply to the question how many vessels in a year would have to lower their topmasts, Mr. Murphy replied that Philip B. Lew, an experienced rigger of South Street, had made affidavit that with few exceptions all vessels not exceeding 875 tons burden could pass under the bridge unladen at half tide, that there were probably not more than two schooners and two ships frequenting this port whose topmasts must be housed to avoid collision with the bridge, and that the average cost of housing the topmasts was from $50 to $150. To the question of cost Mr. Murphy answered that up to February 1, 1879, there had been since the beginning of the work $10,103,553 54 of expenses and $10,110,619 90 of receipts. The law relieving the Bridge Company authorized $8,000,000 for completing the work, one-third to be raised by New York and two-thirds by Brooklyn, and the bulk of this appropriation had been received from the two cities. Mr. Murphy said that, according to his careful estimate, $3,500,000 more would be necessary to complete the bridge, making the total cost $13,500,000, which includes the cost of the lands taken. The towers and anchorages are almost completed, and the cables entirely. There is due from the city of New York a balance of $1,750,000. Mr. Murphy thinks that the completion of the bridge would increase the value of Brooklyn property twenty or thirty per cent., and would increase the amount of taxable property in the State and in this city which is now taxed elsewhere. His view of the use of the bridge is that it should be free to the foot-passenger, and that a small sum should be charged for transport by car. The whole question is reduced to a single point—whether the $3,500,000 shall obstruct the completion of the work. Mr. J. S. T. Stranahan, one of the trustees, and also a director of the Union Ferry Company, said that he not only believed, but he knew, that there had been no misappropriation of the money raised for the enterprise. This is certainly a strong statement on behalf of the bridge, and we shall await with great interest the report of the committee.

FRIENDS OF THE NEGRO.

There is an interesting series of papers in the last *North American Review* upon the question of negro suffrage. The names of the writers will command attention, for they are Senators Blaine and Lamar, Governor Wade Hampton, General Garfield, Alexander H. Stephens, Wendell Phillips, Montgomery Blair, and Thomas A. Hendricks. With the exception of Mr. Blair—who is always an exception—they agree that the negro can not be disfranchised, which is the practical point of the discussion. As for enfranchisement, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Garfield show that there was really nothing else to do. The question was whether the States lately in rebellion should be restored with their political power increased by rebellion, and nothing of slavery changed but the name. The increase of power was conceded as inevitable under the Constitution, and the negro was enfranchised as the best security of his rights, and consequently as the surest guarantee of the peace and order of the States concerned. Mr. Blaine's summary at the end of the discussion is conclusive. Statesmanship is doing the best thing practicable when action is imperative. The dilemma offered to the Republican party was a choice of evils, and it chose the least. Mr. Lamar's paper is ably and calmly written. It is the work of a man who has suffered and who has seen much suffering, and who has been schooled to moderate expression. It is interesting to compare his paper with that of Mr. Phillips, who holds that the great Republican blunder was the refusal to confiscate and to give forty acres to every freed family, and who thinks the South is quietly awaiting a chance to do what it failed to do before. Happily, however, time and changed institutions count for something in national progress.

Mr. Lamar and Mr. Blaine state certain things as facts, in exact contradiction. Mr. Blaine asserts that the negro vote is terrorized and suppressed in certain districts. Mr. Lamar denies that there is more disturbance than is usual every where and at all elections, and that the change of the political character of the negro vote is due to his perception of the truth that he has been used as a tool to despoil his natural allies, the old master class. But we revert to our former reply to Mr. Lamar, when he made the same general statement in the House, in reply to General Garfield, three years ago. If the master class had shown themselves to be the real friend of the negro, the carpet-bagger could have done nothing. If the master class had suppressed and punished the Ku-Klux, the negro would have been its warmest friend. If the master class had dealt generously with labor, and provided schools, and done what natural allies always and instinctively do, there would have been no question of the virtual unanimity of the negro vote for Tilden in 1876. But who were the Ku-Klux?—the master class. Who practically connived at their crimes?—the master class. Who framed the black codes?—the master class. Who were the bulldozers in Louisiana?—the master class. Who were the red shirts in South Carolina?—the master class. Why were the jury laws and the national election laws necessary?—because of the master class. Why was the color line drawn?—because experience had taught the negro distrust of the master class. It was not carpet-bag eloquence that did it. It was the midnight scourging and hunting and harrying, and the scornful indifference of the master class.

The situation of that class was pitiful, and no honorable man will forget it. But neither must that master class forget that when it had the opportunity to show how much of a natural ally and friend of the negro it was, it hastened to pass the black codes. And now it shows the natural alliance and its friendship by stuffing the ballot-box against him, and by making it physically impossible for him to vote. Mr. Blaine shrewdly points out not only that Democrats like Mr. Hendricks constantly and strenuously opposed negro suffrage, but now, when they accept it, it is only because it is either practically suppressed or made Democratic. Mr. Lamar, as a sagacious Southern Democrat, and Mr. Hendricks, as a type of the Northern Democrat, ought to understand that no Democratic argument can prosper which assumes any regard or friendship or care for the negro upon the part of the Democratic party. Charles Stuart and Archbishop Laud might as well have appealed to their friendship for Cameronians and Puritans. The problem of the Democratic party in the Southern States is to obtain a confidence which it might have had without trouble. The bane of Southern and therefore of national politics is the color line. That will be a peril while it lasts. It is not to be obliterated by force or fraud. The shot-gun can not shoot it away, nor the tissue ballot juggle it off. While it lasts it is a danger, and it can be removed only by proved justice and good faith. On no other grounds can there be any alliance between the heirs of the old Democratic party and its victims. Every sign of such a disposition we shall gladly hail and acknowledge, and one of the first and most promising signs will be local justice toward bulldozers of every kind and degree.

AN OLD PRECEDENT.

Mr. William Henry Smith, in a note to the Chicago *Tribune*, corrects our statement that the transmission to the Senate of reasons for a removal is a new precedent, by citing the case of the renomination of General St. Clair by President John Adams, in 1801, as Governor of the territory northwest of the Ohio. President Adams sent with his message "papers for and against the reappointment," and the committee to which they were referred made a careful examination, reported favorably, and the nomination was confirmed. The purport of our remarks, however, was not that such an incident was wholly unknown, although we did not recall the one cited by Mr. Smith, and presume from the mention of no other that this is the only one that occurs to him. There may be others, because, as we said, communication of reasons rests with the Executive. But it is certainly not the practice, as the passage of the Tenure-of-office Law proves.

The reason that it is not the practice is obvious. The nomination is an act of the Executive responsibility. The Senate judges the act, not the reasons. The Executive is no more to be expected to assign to the Senate the reasons for a nomination, even if it effects a removal, than the Senate to transmit to the President the reasons for rejecting it. If the Executive is in doubt whether a nomination should be made, it ought not to make it, and certainly it ought not to devolve its own responsibility upon the Senate. It is evident that if the Executive voluntarily submits its reasons to the Senate, it can hardly decline to give them whenever they may be asked, and the submission is an invitation to the Senate to pass upon their adequacy. This seems to us to be a very undesirable practice, although it is one for which Mr. Calhoun argued. Each branch of the government should maintain its own responsibility of action. In the instance cited by Mr. Smith it would seem that President Adams should not have renominated General St. Clair unless he were satisfied, without consulting the Senate, that it was wise to renominate him. Any other course seems to lead at last to the Senatorial dictation which President Hayes declines.

In the recent case of the New York appointments it was an exceptional act upon the part of the President to communicate to the Senate the reasons of his action. He had to encounter there an abuse of which Adams knew nothing—"the courtesy of the Senate." His chief opponent, who, according to the report, did not disdain personal insult toward the Executive, declared the Executive assertions to be insincere, and the Executive motives merely personal. The President was at perfect liberty to disprove such allegations, if he thought fit, by communicating the reasons of his action. The communication will be judged by the probability of the opposing Senator's misrepresentations prevailing with the Senate. Under "the courtesy of the Senate" there was undoubtedly reason to suppose that they might prevail, and the President, therefore, stated the general principles and the particular reasons upon which he acted. It was an exceptional act, but wholly within his discretion, and it was well adapted to meet the abuse which tends to impair the just Executive authority.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William D. Bishop, who, from impaired health, has just resigned the presidency of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, has been an exceptional official among railway managers in the United States. Though a college man, he was from the outset of his career identified with business "affairs of pith and moment." Graduating at Yale thirty years ago, and soon admitted to the bar, he gave up his profession to engage in railroad enterprises. The qualities he here displayed were such that at the age of thirty he was elected a Representative to Congress from Connecticut, and at thirty-two was appointed United States Commissioner of Patents—the youngest man who ever held that important position. Subsequently he assumed the management of the Naugatuck Railroad, and twelve years ago he was elected president of the New Haven road, the affairs of which he has managed with consummate ability, placing it at the very head of American railways for excellence of administration. Its dividends have been ten per cent. per annum; its stock sells to-day at 160. The force of commendation could no further go.

—The biography of Charles Lever, soon to be published, will contain many extracts from his correspondence, which it is said are of a most amusing character, and will also give the original draft of a part of *Harry Lorrequer*, by which his reputation as a novelist was mainly achieved.

—The Rev. Dr. John Geddie was a missionary to the New Hebrides from 1846 to 1872, laboring principally on the island of Ancityum. A marble tablet has recently been erected to his memory in the wall of the chapel of Ancityum. The inscription on it reads:

> When he came here,
> There were no Christians;
> When he went away,
> There were no Heathen.

The whole population of the island numbered about 3500. After he had been with them for half a dozen years they were all professedly Christian.

—The Emperor of Brazil has given toward the Washington Monument a stone weighing nearly eight tons, to "perpetuate the memory of the illustrious father of the American Republic, for whom he cherishes the warmest admiration."

—Ex-U. S. Senator Truman Smith, of Stamford, Connecticut, now eighty-seven years old, argued for two hours a law case at Woodbury, Connecticut, on the 11th ult., with all his old fire, and worsted his opponent.

—Canon Lightfoot, the proposed Bishop of Durham, one of the softest places in the Church of England, was, in 1851, senior classic and senior Chancellor's medallist at Cambridge. He is a man of considerable oratorical powers and many social accomplishments.

—M. Grévy's accession to the Presidency of France is noteworthy on several accounts. First, he is a civilian and a lawyer, devoutly attached to legality; second, almost alone among the Republican members of the National Assembly of 1871, he voted the peace at Bordeaux; third, he is averse to clericalism, and will have no contest with Italy as far as the temporal power of the Pope is concerned. Another curious fact is that M. Grévy is not even a member of the Legion of Honor; another is that he is a keen sportsman and a successful agriculturist. In his native Jura he climbs the hills for game, and strolls about the valleys admiring his vines, his cattle, and his fields of maize. Part of a large tobacco plantation used to belong to him until the government bought it; and this may account for his fondness for the weed. He smokes much, and is of somewhat taciturn mood, though very sociable when he sees that conversation is expected of him.

—Secretary Evarts, who is always saying neat things, especially at dinner, remarked, a few nights ago, in reply to somebody who happened to have been reading one of the regulation jokes about the Secretary's endless sentences and gracefully repeated it: "Oh, nonsense! I don't object to that sort of thing at all. People who expect to injure me by calling attention to my long sentences forget that the only persons really opposed to long sentences in this country are the criminal classes who deserve them."

—They have a little fun among the Senators at Washington once in a while. A few days ago, during a discussion on the Library Bill, Senator Thurman, in answer to a remark by Mr. Blaine that we might as well have a national academy of music as a national library, said that while favorable to a national library, he should oppose a national conservatory of music, because it would operate against a little establishment of that sort in his own State—the Conservatory at Cincinnati; upon which Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, in an audible aside, remarked: "Oh, that's all right; it won't hurt Ohio to establish a conservatory here, because nearly all Ohio is here already."

—Mr. Bates, the giant, with his giant wife, lives in Seville, Ohio, in a house much like other people's houses, only much larger. The doors, windows, and shutters are of unusual size. The house is thirty feet wide by ninety-six feet, and nicely finished. Mr. Bates is regarded as a very superior farmer. A few weeks ago his wife gave birth to a child, the second since her marriage with her present husband, and in both instances the child died. If the last child had grown to maturity, it would have been the tallest kind of person. On the day of its birth it measured thirty inches in length and weighed twenty-two pounds. Its chest measure was sixteen inches, and its feet six inches.

—Senator-elect Call, of Florida, is a grandson of Colonel John Lee, of Virginia, a Revolutionary soldier, and a member of the same family to which General Robert E. Lee belonged.

—The monument which the Italian people propose to erect to the memory of Victor Emanuel will cost about $2,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch. The competition for it is to be thrown open to the world.

—Edmund Yates, in the last number of the London *World*, mentions the following: "Since the Very Rev. Dean Stanley came back from America, his friends say he is given to transatlanticisms in his utterances. I only know that I read in his little discourse to the Working-men's Club last week, apropos of the Jerusalem Chamber and the old story of 'Madcap Hal,' that 'the king came to himself, and hearing who had taken the crown, he thought it was a wild freak of his son; accordingly *he went for him*, and administered warnings, which had such an effect upon the young man,' etc. Old Henry 'going for' young Henry *has* a flavor about it some way."

—Ole Bull when in Madison, Wisconsin, a few days since, celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. O. B. divides his time between Madison and his house at Bergen, in Norway. The latter is on a fairy-like island. Mrs. Bull is a Madison lady, and a capital woman of business, attending to much of the detail of his engagements. By-the-way, that was a neat compliment to the violinist paid by a celebrated Kentucky stock-raiser, who named a fine young bull "Ole."

—A gentleman recently said to Vice-President Wheeler, "You care as little as any man I ever knew for the mere pomp and millinery of high office." Mr. Wheeler replied, thoughtfully: "But how little there is in it to make one care for it!" Mr. Wheeler has for some years past been accustomed to give $500 to home missions. This year, on account of the debt of the board, he doubled it, and sent $1000.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* has the admirable custom of posting its readers as to the longevity of people who have had obituary notices published in its columns. During the year 1878, 686 people died in that city who were over eighty years of age, more than three-fifths of the number being women, who were, moreover, the longest-lived. Of the 261 men who during 1878 died at eighty and over, the following numbers reached the various ages designated: 80 years, thirty-four; 81, thirty; 82, twenty-four; 83, twenty-nine; 84, twenty-four; 85, eighteen; 86, twenty-one; 87, eleven; 88, twelve; 89, fifteen; 90, nine; 91, two; 92, nine; 93, three; 94, five; 95, four; 96, one; 97, four; 98, three; 99, two; 100, one. The oldest person who died in Philadelphia during the year was Catherine Garland, aged 107. Almost her entire life she enjoyed good health, and never had medical advice until her last illness.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the House, February 14, a bill was reported authorizing the President to appoint General James Shields, of Missouri, as a brigadier-general on the retired list. Great confusion followed, and the bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole.—On the 15th, the Senate, by a vote of 39 to 27, passed the Chinese Immigration Bill. Several amendments were rejected, one by Mr. Conkling authorizing the President, if the Emperor of China refused to negotiate a modified treaty, to inform him that the United States will regulate or prevent Chinese immigration by laws of its own.—The House, on the 17th, by 178 to 67, passed the bill appropriating $26,852,200 for the payment of arrears of pensions; and also passed the River and Harbor and Deficiency Appropriation bills.—On the 18th, the Senate passed the Internal Revenue Bill. The amendments imposing a tax on tea and coffee were rejected, and the section repealing the tax on matches was stricken out. The tax on snuff and tobacco was reduced to sixteen cents. The bill is to go into effect May 1.—On the 19th, the Senate passed a bill fixing the pay of letter-carriers at $1000, $800, and $400 for the respective grades. In the House, the Democrats tried to attach a repeal of the Election Law to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, and a struggle ensued which threatened to be long and exciting.

Hon. Zachariah Chandler was elected, February 18, United States Senator from Michigan, in place of Hon. J. P. Christiancy, resigned.

The north-bound passenger train on the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad fell through a rotten bridge over Mulberry Creek, thirteen miles from Selma, February 18. Three persons were killed, three fatally injured, and many severely wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Re-enforcements of British troops have been dispatched to the Zulu country. Later telegrams, *viâ* Madeira, say that Colonel Wood's column was attacked on January 24 by 4000 Zulus. The enemy were dispersed with trifling loss to Colonel Wood's command. Several attacks on Pearson's column and other columns have been repulsed, but the gravity of the situation has not been exaggerated.

It was officially stated in St. Petersburg, February 16, that there had been no fresh cases of plague or deaths therefrom for a day or two previously. England has asked permission of Russia to send physicians to investigate the disease. The spotted typhus is spreading in Salonica, and even in Berlin the Chief of Police has ordered a special inspection of lodging-houses on account of the prevalence in that city of the same fever.

The definitive treaty of peace ratified by the Sultan reached St. Petersburg February 15. An imperial manifesto was issued announcing that the Czar had also ratified the instrument, and that the troops were coming home. The Czar thanked God for Russia's glorious victories. The city was illuminated in the evening.—The powers, replying to Russia, recognize Roumania's right to Arab Tabia, while regretting her hasty occupation.

In the German Reichstag, February 19, Herr Lasker presented a motion contesting the correctness of the government's interpretation of the Socialist Law, and refusing the consent of the Reichstag to the proposed arrests of members. After a long debate, the first part of the motion (disputing the correctness of the government's interpretation of the law) was adopted by a large majority, only the German Conservatives and Imperialists voting against it. The part refusing assent to the arrests was adopted almost unanimously.—On the 18th, Prince Hohenlohe was elected Second Vice-President of the Reichstag, by 106 votes to 78, but he declined.

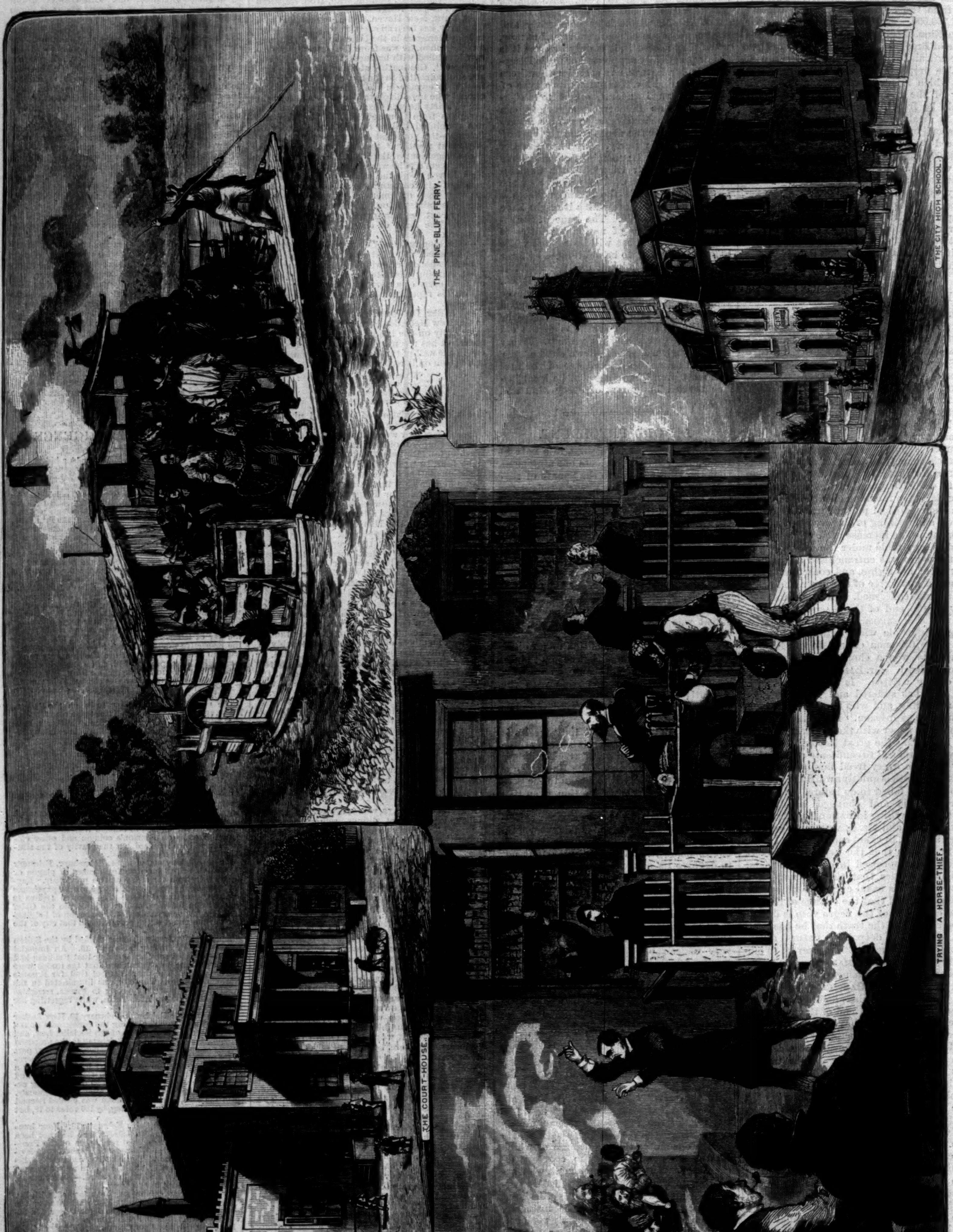
A riot occurred at Cairo February 18. Four hundred disbanded Egyptian officers, who had not been paid, surrounded the official residences of the President of the Council and Minister of Finance, and clamored for their money. The Khedive was insulted, his ministers were shot at, and the rioters were dispersed by the troops, who fired on the crowd.—Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, has resigned.

A new Austrian cabinet has been formed, with Dr. Stremayr Premier and Count Taafe Minister of the Interior. Prince Auersperg and Herr Unger will secede; the other ministers will remain.

In the British House of Commons, February 14, the Liberals and Home Rulers united to carry a motion in favor of assimilating the Irish borough franchise to the English and Scotch, but the measure was defeated, by a vote of 256 to 187.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, February 14, the Minister of War declared that he would enforce the decree of 1795 making the "Marseillaise" the national anthem. The committee on the Press Bill has been formed, with M. Émile de Girardin as president. The members of the committee agree that all existing press laws should be abrogated and replaced by a law based on the broadest possible principles.—The cabinet, on the 19th, accepted the Amnesty Bill as amended by the committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, has been exiled to Orenburg for publishing a pamphlet in favor of the speedy construction of the Orenburg and Tashkend Railway, by the way of Kara Turgall and the Sir-Daria River, in order to force England to abandon her resistance to Russia's Eastern policy.



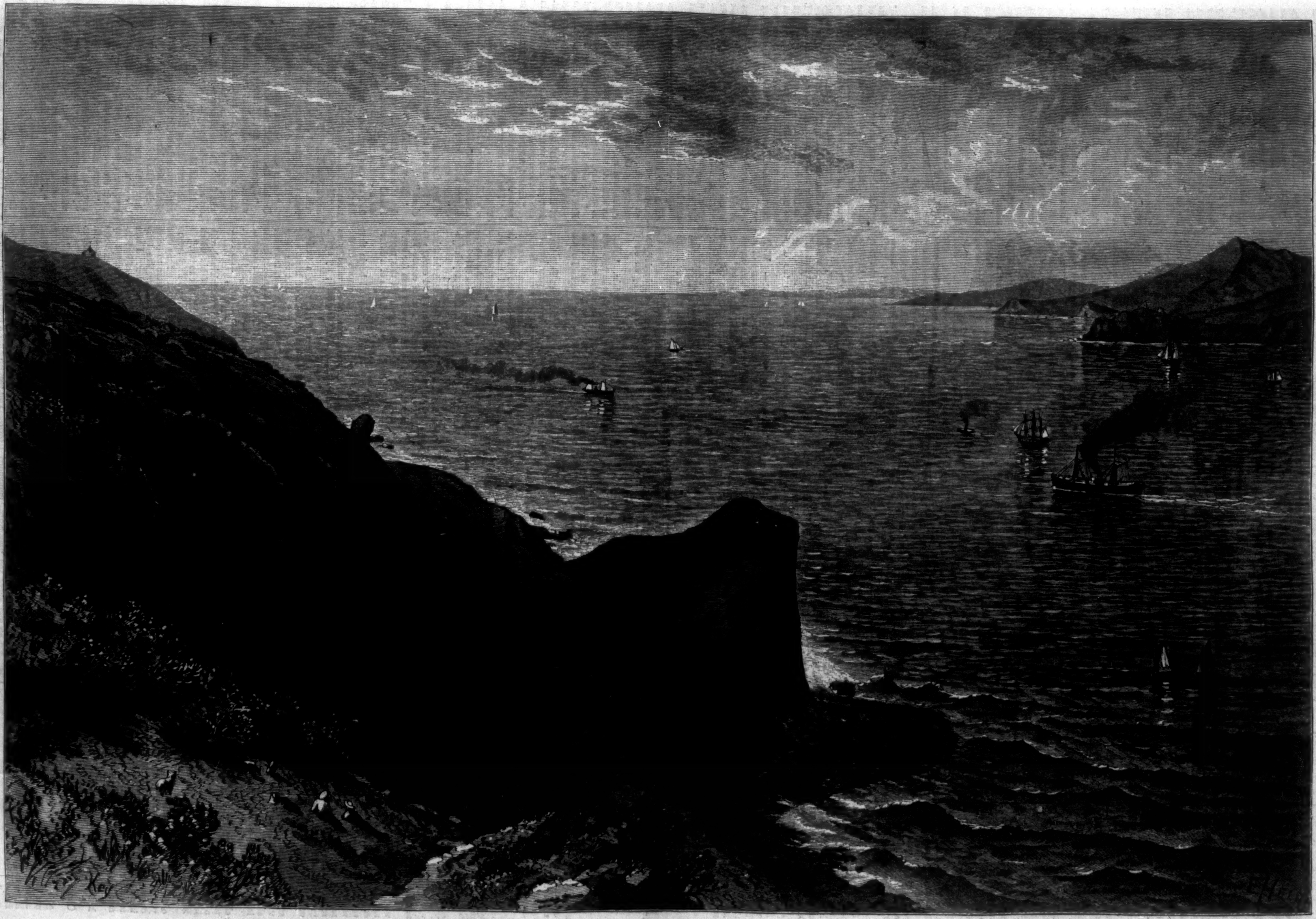
SCENES AT PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS.—From Sketches by H. J. Lewis.—[See Page 187.]

THE PINE-BLUFF FERRY.

THE CITY HIGH SCHOOL.

TRYING A HORSE-THIEF.

THE COURT-HOUSE.



THE GOLDEN GATE—ENTRANCE TO SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.—DRAWN BY J. R. KEY.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

THE GOLDEN GATE.

A little more than a century ago, while our patriotic forefathers on the Atlantic coast were preparing to rid themselves of the yoke of their oppressors, a few pious monks were unconsciously sowing the seeds of a great empire on the Pacific. It is true that California had been discovered by Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, in 1542, and that still later Sir Francis Drake had landed on the coast at Jack's Harbor, to the northward of the now famous city; but it was not until the year 1769 that the magnificent bay of San Francisco was made known to the world by a company of French missionaries, who stumbled upon the prize in their search for an eligible location for a Catholic mission. In their wonder and delight, they named the bay after the patron saint of the Franciscan order, and six years later they founded the Mission of San Francisco, afterward known as the Mission of Dolores, and from that germ has sprung the present proud city, of which it may be said that it never had a youth, but passed from infancy into vigorous manhood almost at a leap.

San Francisco is singularly favored for the purposes of commerce, in having the only large and deep harbor, easy of access, on the entire coast between Mazatlan and the Strait of Fuca—a distance of two thousand miles. The bay is nearly fifty miles long and about nine miles wide, or spacious enough to float the combined navies of the world. The entrance from the Pacific Ocean to the principal harbor is known as the "Golden Gate." It is five miles in length, and is exceedingly picturesque, as may be seen by our view on page 185. The shores are bold and rocky, and in its narrowest part the channel is only about one mile in width. On the north side there are elevations in some places of nearly two thousand feet, while on the south the hills are from three to four hundred feet high, many of them being covered with shifting white sand.

That this beautiful passageway to the mountains of glittering treasure should be called the "Golden Gate" is appropriate, but this was not the origin of the name. Long years before the discovery of gold was generally known, the Spanish settlers in their poetic fancy gave it this name because of the gorgeous sunsets that made it seem to be indeed a gate of gold leading to the sea. A short distance south of the "Gate" is a cluster of huge jagged rocks, near the shore, called the "Seal Rocks." Here great numbers of seals may be seen at almost any time sporting in the waves. These animals are under the protection of the law, and are objects of interest to thousands of visitors who drive down from "Frisco" just to see them.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CRYING FOR THE MOON.

Despite the glorious moonlight night which ushered in the new-born year, the first day of that year was abominable—a day of hopeless, incessant rain, falling from a leaden sky in which there was never a break, not a stray gleam of sunshine from morn till eve.

"The new year is like Shakspeare's Richard," said Lord Mallow, when he stood in the porch after breakfast, surveying the horizon. "'Tetchy and wayward was his infancy.' I never experienced any thing so provoking. I was dreaming all night of our ride."

"Were you not afraid of being like that dreadful man in 'Locksley Hall'—

> "'Like a dog, he hunts in dreams?'"

asked Vixen, mockingly.

She was standing on the threshold, playing with Argus, looking the picture of healthful beauty, in her dark green cloth dress and plain linen collar. All Vixen's morning costumes were of the simplest and neatest—a compact style of dress which interfered with none of her rural amusements. She could romp with her dog, make her round of the stables, work in the garden, ramble in the forest, without fear of dilapidated flounces or dishevelled laces and ribbons.

"Violet's morning dresses are so dreadfully strong-minded," complained Mrs. Carmichael. "To look at her, one would almost think that she was the kind of girl to go round the country lecturing upon woman's rights."

"No ride this morning," said Captain Carmichael, coming into the hall, with a bundle of letters in his hand. "I shall go to my den and do a morning's letter-writing and accountancy—unless you want me for a shy at the pheasants, Mallow?"

"Let the pheasants be at rest for the first day of the year," answered Lord Mallow. "I am sure you would rather be fetching up your arrears of correspondence than shooting at dejected birds in a damp plantation; and I am luxurious enough to prefer staying in-doors, if the ladies will have me. I can help Miss Tempest to wind her wools."

"Thanks, but I never do any wool-work. Mamma is the artist in that line."

"Then I place myself unreservedly at Mrs. Carmichael's feet."

"You are too good," sighed the fair matron from her arm-chair by the hearth; "but I shall not touch my crewels to-day. I have one of my nervous headaches. It is a penalty I too often have to pay for the pleasures of society. I'm afraid I shall have to lie down for an hour or two."

And with a languid sigh Mrs. Carmichael wrapped her China crape shawl round her, and went slowly up stairs, leaving Violet and Lord Mallow in sole possession of the great oak-panelled hall, the lady looking at the rain from her favorite perch in the deep window-seat, the gentleman contemplating the same prospect from the open door. It was one of those mild winter mornings when a huge wood fire is a cheerful feature in the scene, but hardly essential to comfort.

Vixen thought of that long rainy day years ago—the day on which Roderick Vawdrey came of age. How well she remembered sitting in that very window, watching the ceaseless rain, with a chilly sense of having been forgotten and neglected by her old companion! And then, in the gloaming, just when she had lost all hope of seeing him, he had come leaping in out of the wet night, like a lion from his lair, and had taken her in his arms and kissed her before she knew what he was doing.

Her cheeks crimsoned even to-day at the memory of that kiss. It had seemed a small thing then. Now it seemed awful—a burning spot of shame upon the whiteness of her youth.

"He must have thought I was very fond of him, or he would not have dared to treat me so," she told herself. "But then we had been playfellows so long. I had teased him, and he had plagued me; and we had been really like brother and sister. Poor Rorie! If we could have always been young, we should have been better friends."

"How thoughtful you seem this morning, Miss Tempest!" said a voice behind Vixen's shoulder.

"Do I?" she asked, turning quickly round. "New-Year's Day is a time to make one thoughtful. It is like beginning a new chapter in the volume of life, and one can not help speculating as to what the chapter is to be about."

"For you it ought to be a story full of happiness."

"Ah! but you don't know my history. I had such a happy childhood. I drained my cup of bliss before I was a woman, and there is nothing left for me but the dregs, and they—they are dust and ashes."

There was an intensity of bitterness in her tone that moved him beyond his power of self-control. That she, so fair, so lovely, so deeply dear to him already—she for whom life should be one summer day of unclouded gladness—that she should give expression to a rooted sorrow was more than his patience could bear.

"Violet, you must not speak thus; you wound me to the heart. Oh, my love, my love, you were born to be the giver of gladness, the centre of joy and delight. Grief should never touch you; sorrow and pain should never come near you. You are a creature of happiness and light."

"Don't!" cried Vixen, vehemently. "Oh, pray don't! It is all vain—useless. My life is marked out for me. No one can alter it. Pray do not lower yourself by one word more. You will be sorry—angry with yourself and me—afterward."

"Violet, I must speak."

"To what end? My fate is as fixed as the stars. No one can change it."

"No mortal, perhaps, Violet. But Love can. Love is a god. Oh, my darling, I have learned to love you dearly and fondly in this little while, and I mean to win you. It shall go hard with me if I do not succeed. Dear love, if truth and constancy can conquer fate, I ought to be able to win you. There is no one else, is there, Violet?" he asked, falteringly, with his eyes upon her downcast face.

A burning spot glowed and faded on her cheek before she answered him.

"Can you not see how empty my life is?" she asked, with a bitter laugh. "No, there is no one else. I stand quite alone. Death took my father from me; your friend has robbed me of my mother. My old playfellow, Roderick Vawdrey, belongs to his cousin. I belong to nobody."

"Let me have you, then, Violet. Ah, if you knew how I would cherish you! You should be loved so well that you would fancy yourself the centre of the universe, and that all the planets revolved in the skies only to please you. Love, let me have you—priceless treasure that others know not how to value. Let me keep and guard you."

"I would not wrong you so much as to marry you without loving you, and I shall never love any more," said Vixen, with a sad steadfastness that was more dispiriting than the most vehement protestation.

"Why not?"

"Because I spent all my store of love while I was a child. I loved my father—ah! I can not tell you how fondly. I do not think there are many fathers who are loved as he was. I poured out all my treasures of affection at his feet. I have no love left for a husband."

"What, Violet, not if your old friend Roderick Vawdrey were pleading?" asked Lord Mallow.

It was an unlucky speech. If Lord Mallow had had a chance—which he had not—that speech would have spoiled it. Violet started to her feet, her cheeks crimson, her eyes flashing.

"It is shameful, abominable, of you to say such a thing!" she cried, her voice tremulous with indignation. "I will never forgive you for that dastardly speech. Come, Argus."

She had mounted the broad oak stairs with light, swift foot before Lord Mallow could apologize. He was terribly crest-fallen.

"I was a brute," he muttered to himself. "But I hit the bull's-eye. It is that fellow she loves. Hard upon me, when I ask for nothing but to be her slave, and adore her all the days of my life. And I know that Carmichael would have been pleased. How lovely she looked when she was angry—her tawny hair gleaming in the fire-light, her great brown eyes flashing! Yes, it's the Hampshire squire she cares for, and I'm out of it. I'll go and shoot the pheasants," concluded Lord Mallow, savagely; "those beggars shall not have it all their own way to-day."

He went off to get his gun, in the worst humor he had ever been in since he was a child and cried for the moon.

He spent the whole day in a young oak plantation, ankle-deep in oozy mud, moss, and dead fern, making havoc among the innocent birds. He was in so blood-thirsty a temper that he felt as if he could have shot a covey of young children, had they come in his way, with all the ferocity of a modern Herod.

"I think I've spoiled Carmichael's coverts for this year, at any rate," he said to himself as he tramped homeward in the early darkness, with no small hazard of losing himself in one of those ghostly plantations, which were all exactly alike, and in which a man might walk all day long without meeting any thing nearer humanity than a trespassing forest pony that had leaped a fence in quest of more sufficing food than the scanty herbage of the open woods.

Lord Mallow got on better than might have been expected. He went east when he ought to have gone west, and found himself in Queen's Bower when he fancied himself in Gretnam Wood; but he did not walk more than half a dozen miles out of his way, and he got home somehow at last, which was much for a stranger to the ground.

The stable clock was chiming the quarter before six when he went into the hall, where Vixen had left him in anger that morning. The great wood fire was burning gayly, and Captain Carmichael was sitting in a Glastonbury chair in front of it. "Went for the birds, after all, old fellow," he said, without looking round, recognizing the tread of Lord Mallow's shooting boots. "You found it too dismal in the house, I suppose? Consistently abominable weather, isn't it? You must be soaked to the skin."

"I suppose I am," answered the other, carelessly. "But I've been soaked a good many times before, and it hasn't done me much harm. Thanks to the modern inventions of the waterproof makers, the soaking begins inside instead of out. I should call myself parboiled."

"Take off your oil-skins, and come and talk. You'll have a nip, won't you?" added Captain Carmichael, ringing the bell. "Kirschenwasser, Curaçoa, Glenlivat—which shall it be?"

"Glenlivat," answered Lord Mallow, "and plenty of it. I'm in the humor in which a man must either drink inordinately or cut his throat."

"Were the birds unapproachable?" asked Captain Carmichael, laughing; "or were the dogs troublesome?"

"Birds and dogs were perfect; but— Well, I suppose I'd better make a clean breast of it. I've had a capital time here— Oh, here comes the whiskey. Hold your hand, old fellow!" cried Lord Mallow, as his host poured the Glenlivat somewhat recklessly into a soda-water tumbler. "You mustn't take me too literally. Just moisten the bottom of the glass with whiskey before you put in the soda. That's as much as I care about."

"All right. You were saying—"

"That my visit here has been simply delightful, and that I must go to London by an early train to-morrow."

"Paradoxical!" remarked the captain. "That sounds like your well-bred servant, who tells you that he has nothing to say against the situation, but he wishes to leave you at the end of his month. What's the matter, dear boy? Do you find our Forest hermitage too dull?"

"I should ask nothing kinder from Fate than to be allowed to spend my days in your Forest. Yes, I would say good-by to the green hills and vales of County Cork, and become that detestable being, an absentee, if—if—Fortune smiled on me. But she doesn't, you see, and I must go. Perhaps you may have perceived, Carmichael—perhaps you may not have been altogether averse from the idea—in a word, I have fallen over head and ears in love with your bewitching step-daughter."

"My dear fellow, I'm delighted! It is the thing I would have wished, had I been bold enough to wish for any thing so good. And of course Violet is charmed. You are the very man for her."

"Am I? So I thought myself till this morning. Unfortunately the young lady is of a different opinion. She has refused me."

"Refused you! Pshaw! they all begin that way. It's one of the small diplomacies of the sex. They think they enhance their value by an assumed reluctance. Nonsense, man; try again. She can't help liking you."

"I would try again every day for a twelvemonth, if there were a scintilla of hope. My life should be a series of offers. But the thing is decided. I know from her manner, from her face, that I have no chance. I have been in the habit of thinking myself rather a nice kind of fellow, and the women have encouraged the idea. But I don't answer here, Carmichael. Miss Tempest will have nothing to say to me."

"She's a fool," said Captain Carmichael, with his teeth set, and that dark look of his which meant harm to somebody. "I'll talk to her."

"My dear Carmichael, understand I'll have no coercion. If I win her, I must do it off my own bat. Dearly as I love her, if you were to bring her to me conquered and submissive, like Iphigenia at the altar, I would not have her. I love her much too well to ask any sacrifice of inclination from her. I love her too well to accept any thing less than her free unfettered heart. She can not give me that, and I must go. I had much rather you should say nothing about me, either to her or her mother."

"But I shall say a great deal to both," exclaimed the captain, desperately angry. "I am indignant. I am outraged by her conduct. What in Heaven's name does this willful girl want in a husband? You have youth, good looks, good temper, talent, tastes that harmonize with her own. You can give her a finer position than she has any right to expect. And she refuses you. She is a spoiled child, who doesn't know her own mind or her own advantage. She has a diabolical temper, and is as wild as a hawk. Egad! I congratulate you on your escape, Mallow. She was not born to make any man happy."

"Small thanks for your congratulations," retorted the Irishman. "She might have made me happy if she had chosen. I would have forgiven her tempers, and loved her for her wildness. She is the sweetest woman I ever knew; as fresh and fair as your furzy hill-tops. But she is not for me. Fate never meant me to be so blessed."

"She will change her mind before she is many months older," said Captain Carmichael. "Her father and mother have spoiled her. She is a creature of whims and fancies, and must be ridden on the curb."

"I would ride her with the lightest snaffle-bit that ever was made," protested Lord Mallow. "But there's no use in talking about it. You won't think me discourteous or ungrateful if I clear out of this to-morrow morning, will you, Carmichael?"

"Certainly not," answered his host, "but I shall think you a confounded ass. Why not wait and try your luck again?"

"Simply because I know it would be useless. Truth and candor shine in that girl's eyes. She has a soul above the petty trickeries of her sex. No from her lips means No between this and eternity. Oh! thrice blessed will that man be to whom she answers Yes; for she will give him the tenderest, truest, most generous heart in creation."

"You answer boldly for her on so short an acquaintance."

"I answer as a man who loves her, and who has looked into her soul," replied Lord Mallow. "You and she don't hit it overwell, I fancy."

"No. We began by disliking each other, and we have been wonderfully constant to our first opinions."

"I can't understand—"

"Can't you? You will, perhaps, some day—if you ever have a handsome step-daughter who sets up her back against you from the beginning of things. Have you ever seen a sleek handsome tabby put herself on the defensive at the approach of a terrier, her back arched, her eyes flashing green lightnings, her tail lashing itself, her whiskers bristling? That's my step-daughter's attitude toward me, and I dare say before long I shall feel her claws. There goes the gong, and we must go too. I'm sorry Miss Tempest has been such a fool, Mallow; but I must repeat my congratulations, even at the risk of offending you."

There were no duets that evening. Vixen was as cold as ice and as silent as a statue. She sat in the shadow of her mother's arm-chair after dinner, turning over the leaves of Doré's "Tennyson," pausing to contemplate Elaine with a half-contemptuous pity—a curious feeling that hurt her like a physical pain.

"Poor wretch!" she mused. "Are there women in our days so weak as to love where they can never be loved again, I wonder? It is foolish enough in a man; but he cures himself as quickly as the mungoose that gets bitten by a snake, and runs away to find the herb which is an antidote to the venom, and comes back ready to fight the snake again."

"Are we not going to have any music?" asked Mrs. Carmichael, languidly, more interested in the *picots* her clever needle was executing on a piece of Italian point than in the reply. "Lord Mallow, can not you persuade Violet to join you in one of those sweet duets of Mendelssohn's?"

"Indeed, mamma, I couldn't sing a note. I'm as husky as a raven."

"I'm not surprised to hear it," said the captain, looking up from his study of *The Gardener's Chronicle*. "No doubt you managed to catch cold last night while you were mooning upon the terrace with young Vawdrey."

"How very incautious of you, Violet!" exclaimed Mrs. Carmichael, in her complaining tone.

"I was not cold, mamma; I had my warm cloak."

"But you confess you have caught cold. I detest colds; they always go through a house. I shall be the next victim, I dare say; and with me a cold is martyrdom. I'm afraid you must find us very dull, Lord Mallow, for New-Year's Day, when people expect to be lively. We ought to have had a dinner party."

"My dear Mrs. Carmichael, I don't care a straw about New-Year's Day, and I am not in a lively vein. This quiet evening suits me much better than high jinks, I assure you."

"It's very good of you to say so."

"Come and play a game of billiards," said Captain Carmichael, throwing down his paper.

"Upon my honor, I'd rather sit by the fire and watch Mrs. Carmichael at her point lace. I'm in an abominably lazy mood after my tramp in those soppy plantations," answered Lord Mallow, who felt a foolish pleasure—mingled with bitterest regrets—in being in the same room with the girl he loved.

She was hidden from him in her shadowy corner, shrouded on one side by the velvet drapery of the fire-place, on the other by her mother's chair. He could only catch a glimpse of her auburn plaits now and then as her head bent over her open book. He never heard her voice or met her eyes; and yet it was sweet to him to sit in the same room with her.

"Come, Mallow, you can sing us something, at any rate," said the captain, suppressing a yawn. "I know you can play your own accompaniment when you please. You can't be too idle to give us one of Moore's melodies."

"I'll sing, if you like, Mrs. Carmichael," assented Lord Mallow; "but I'm afraid you must be tired of my songs. My *répertoire* is rather limited."

"Your songs are charming," said Mrs. Carmichael.

The Irishman seated himself at the distant piano, struck a chord or two, and began the old melody, with its familiar refrain:

> "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream!"

Before his song was finished Violet had kissed her mother and glided silently from the room. Lord Mallow saw her go, and there was a sudden break in his voice as the door closed upon her—a break that sounded almost like a suppressed sob.

When Vixen came down to breakfast next morning, she found the table laid only for three.

"What has become of Lord Mallow?" she asked Forbes, when he brought in the urn.

"He left by an early train, ma'am. Captain Carmichael drove him to Lyndhurst."

The old servants of the Abbey House had not yet brought themselves to speak of their new lord as "master." He was always "Captain Carmichael."

The captain came in while Violet knelt by the fire playing with Argus, whom even the new rule had not banished wholly from the family sitting-rooms.

The servants filed in for morning prayers, which Captain Carmichael delivered in a cold hard voice. His manual of family worship was of concise and business-like form, and the whole ceremony lasted about seven minutes. Then the household dispersed quickly, and Forbes brought in his tray of covered dishes.

"You can pour out the tea, Violet. Your mother is feeling a little tired, and will breakfast in her room."

"Then I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll have my breakfast with her," said Vixen. "She'll be glad of my company, I dare say."

"She has a headache, and will be better alone. Stop where you are, if you please, Violet. I have something serious to say to you."

Vixen left off pouring out the tea, clasped her hands in her lap, and looked at Captain Carmichael with the most resolute expression he had ever seen in a woman's face.

"Are you going to talk to me about Lord Mallow?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then spare yourself the trouble. It would be useless."

"I can not conceive that you should be so besotted as to refuse a man who offers so much. A man who has wealth, rank, youth, good looks—"

"Spare me the catalogue of your friend's merits. I think him a most estimable person. I acknowledge his rank and wealth. But I have refused him."

"You will change your mind."

"I never change my mind."

"You will live to repent your folly, then, Miss Tempest: and all I hope is that your remorse may be keen. It is not one woman in a thousand who gets such a chance. What are you that you should throw it away?"

"I am a woman who would sooner cut my throat than marry a man I can not honestly love," answered Vixen, with unblenching firmness.

"I think I understand your motive," said Captain Carmichael. "Lord Mallow never had a chance with you. The ground was occupied before he came. You are a very foolish girl to reject so good an offer for the sake of another woman's sweetheart."

"How dare you say that to me?" cried Vixen. "You have usurped my father's place; you have robbed me of my mother's heart. Is not that cause enough for me to hate you? I have only one friend left in the world, Roderick Vawdrey. And you would slander me because I cling to that old friendship, the last remnant of my happy childhood."

"You might have a dozen such friends, if friendship is all you want, and be Lady Mallow into the bargain," retorted Captain Carmichael, scornfully. "You are a simpleton to send such a man away despairing. But I suppose it is idle to ask you to hear reason. I am not your father, and even if I were, I dare say you would take your own way in spite of me."

"*My* father would not have asked me to marry a man I did not love," answered Vixen, proudly, her eyes clouding with tears even at the thought of her beloved dead; "and he would have valued Lord Mallow's rank and fortune no more than I do. But you are so fond of a bargain," she added, her eye kindling and her lip curving with bitterest scorn. "You sold Bullfinch, and now you want to sell me."

"By Heaven, madam, I pity the man who may be fool enough to buy you!" cried the captain, starting up from his untasted breakfast, and leaving Vixen mistress of the field.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS.

THE town of Pine Bluff, in Jefferson County, Arkansas, is picturesquely situated on the Arkansas River, and enjoys extensive facilities for commerce both by water and railroad. Our sketches on page 184 exhibit some of the characteristics of the place. The first sketch gives a view of the public square, including the county court-house, and underneath it is a scene sketched during the trial of a noted horse-thief. Our readers will observe that almost every person in the room—judge, sheriff, jurymen, and spectators—has either a pipe or cigar between his lips.

Another sketch shows the style of ferry-boats used on the Arkansas River. In this instance the boat-hands are attempting to make a landing in the teeth of a strong wind. Underneath is a view of the city high school. This building is about eighty feet square, three stories in height, and well arranged for school purposes. Pine Bluff now contains a population of about 5000, and its situation, in the most flourishing cotton-producing region of the State, will probably insure rapid progress and prosperity.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR EICHWALD, an eminent Russian paleontologist, many years ago collected some remarkable fossil vertebrates in various parts of Russia, and published several elaborate memoirs describing their character and relationships. The acquisition of this collection has been a subject of desire by some of the principal museums of the world, and it is stated that among other applicants the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY had nearly concluded arrangements for the purchase when the death of Professor EICHWALD prevented its consummation. It is probable that, had this purchase been effected, it would ultimately have found its way to Yale College, and been included in the treasures placed in the museum of the institution by Professor O. C. MARSH, Mr. PEABODY's nephew. It is now announced that the collection embraces over 30,000 specimens, and has been presented by the widow to the University of St. Petersburg.

Naturalists are not likely to lack convenient catalogues of current publications in all parts of the world relating to their specialties. The *Zoologischer Anzeiger* of Professor J. VICTOR CARUS has already been referred to as a work of great value, and with the beginning of 1879 Messrs. R. FRIEDLANDER & SON, of Berlin, booksellers, issue a new work under the title of *Naturæ Novitates*, containing a bibliographic list of current literature of all nations on natural history and the exact sciences. This is furnished at a nominal price to all who apply for it.

Mr. L. S. BOUTON, one of the founders of the Royal Society of Arts, of the Mauritius, established in 1829, has recently died in that country. He was for a long time a curator and director of the museum of the society.

The enterprise of Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT in preparing two vessels for arctic exploration, the one to proceed by way of Spitzbergen and the other by Behring Straits, is already well known to our readers. The steamer *Jeanette* has been assigned to the Behring Straits service, and is, we understand, already in San Francisco.

A bill has been introduced into Congress by Mr. WOOD authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to accept this vessel and take charge of her. The bill provides that it is to be fitted up with any material on hand, and authority is given to enlist the necessary crew and to provide the naval officers; and the expense, at least the pay of the men, will be subsequently refunded by Mr. BENNETT.

It is not improbable that this vessel will be made useful in the search for and relief of the *Vega*, Professor NORDENSKJÖLD's steamer, which, in the opinion of some, has been frozen in near East Bay, on the western shore of Behring Straits. It is asserted that she is in company with a number of American whalers, likewise caught in the ice by the premature advance of winter.

An overland expedition is to be sent by way of Siberia by order of the Russian government; and a vessel, it is understood, will soon be on its way, *viâ* the Suez Canal and Japan, to be in readiness to go north at the earliest possible moment.

The terrible epidemic of yellow fever in the South during the summer of 1878 induced the appointment of a joint commission by the Senate and House of Representatives, which was authorized to call to its aid a board of experts, for the purpose of investigating the whole subject, and the causes which tend to the development and propagation of the disease, as well as the means of its repression, whether by quarantine or otherwise. This board, composed of representative men from different parts of the country, including, of course, those from the Southern States, has prosecuted its labors with great industry, sending committees to the localities where the disease originated and to which it was extended. This board has just published a report to Congress on the subject of epidemic diseases. The conclusions to which they came are in large part technical, and are better fitted for a medical journal than for the *Weekly*, but it may be stated that there is a decided preference on the part of the commission for a rigid quarantine as an initial step in all measures taken for the prevention of this plague.

Another distinguished geologist, and the head of the Geological Survey of Italy, has recently died, in the person of Professor B. GASTALDI, at the age of sixty. His first essays in natural science were in the line of anatomy and paleontology; but before long he applied himself almost exclusively to physical geology, in which he became a proficient. He was especially conversant with the geology of the Alps, a large portion of which he traversed on foot for the purpose of more satisfactory examination. He was one of the founders of the Italian Alpine Club.

VICTOR GILIHANI, one of the founders of the Zoological Society of Italy, died in Turin on the 27th of May.

The subject of green oysters has lately been brought to the attention of the health officers of Washington as possibly indicating by the color an unhealthy article of food. A critical examination, however, has shown nothing in the oyster at all likely to be injurious to man. A spectroscopic examination has revealed, as has been done before, the presence of minute traces of iron, but the amount of metal in a bushel of oysters would be scarcely appreciable excepting to the spectroscope. It is probable, indeed, that this examination, which is still in progress, will show the same in oysters entirely uncolored, and in regard to which no suspicion exists. The alleged spectroscopic determination of copper in some green oysters requires confirmation.

It is now pretty well understood that the green color is due to a minute diatomaceous plant. It is well known that in Europe green oysters are preferred to others, and that the color is imparted by placing oysters for a certain period in pots on the shore, in which these diatoms are found to occur in great number.

In further illustration of this fact it may be stated that the attention of the Academy of Science of Philadelphia was recently called by Professor LEIDY to his observation during the summer of large patches of a yellowish-green substance on the beach between high and low water marks. This, on being subjected to microscopical examination, was found to consist of a single species of diatom (*Amphiprora constricta*). This was in a state of extreme activity, and such as readily to bring it within reach of the oysters, clams, and other lamellibranch mollusks. Its power of motion was such that even when shaken up with a quantity of sand it very soon worked its way out to the surface, upon which it formed a thin scum.

It is probable that a very large portion of the food of the oyster and clam is derived from minute vegetation, especially from some species of ocean diatoms, not all being colored, however. The one to which Professor LEIDY refers did not exceed 0.003 of an inch in length.

Among recent deaths in Germany deserving notice in a scientific journal is that of Dr. WILLIAM ENGELMANN, for many years the head of the establishment of WILLIAM ENGELMANN, in Leipsic. This house has been long noted for the extent and importance of its scientific publications, not exceeded in this respect by any other in existence. His death took place on the 23d of December last.

The death of the widow of the late Professor FARADAY is announced as having taken place in the early part of January.

Among the various substances used for preserving meats, borax has constituted the basis of not a few, the more important and better known being the Swedish invention bearing the name of *aseptin*, which has been recommended especially for the preservation of fish. According to LE BON, however, while this preserves meats very well, after a few weeks the use of the meat so preserved causes serious intestinal trouble, as being really more or less poisonous. He therefore thinks that it should be positively prohibited.

He states that several companies who had commenced preserving American meat with borax have been obliged to give it up, and he considers even salt as undesirable. One objection to the use of salt he bases on the following considerations: The most nutritive part of the meat is the juice, of which thirty to forty per cent. can be eliminated by pressure. If meat is plunged in a saline solution, or the surface is covered with salt, an exchange rapidly takes place between the soluble principles of the meat and those of the saline solution, thus destroying its food value, even though the meat is not materially changed in general appearance.

The only proper methods, therefore, according to LE BON, of preserving meat, are by cold and by PASTEUR's process. He promises to present some applications of this, which he considers a satisfactory solution of the problem.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ADULTERATION of food is a subject to which the attention of the public has been specially directed of late. We say *food*, but the fact is that almost every thing we eat, drink, and wear is, in part at least, something different from what it pretends to be. In regard to food and drink, in many cases doubtless the adulteration is in itself harmless, except that the articles tampered with are less nutritious than pure ones. But manifestly the original design of adulterations is to defraud the purchaser for the benefit of the dealer or the manufacturer. By mixing an inferior article with one of good quality, by substituting one thing for another, by the admixture of damaged substances with those which are uninjured, by dilutions, and in various other ways, customers are systematically cheated. If the retail dealer does not know the quality of the article he offers for sale, he is in fault: it is a part of his business to inform himself. But if purchasers are indifferent to the well-known fact that they are constantly using adulterated articles, and prefer to be cheated rather than make an effort to remedy the evil, of course the evil will continue and increase. Coffee, for example, is very generally adulterated, and some persons do not object to an admixture of a small proportion of chiccory. But those who desire the pure article find it almost impossible to get the ground coffee without a percentage of chiccory. And when, to protect themselves, they buy roasted coffee whole, they perhaps do not know that there are several processes for preparing a "coffee bean" out of chiccory and from other foreign substances, some of which are far less desirable than even chiccory. There are at least a score of substances which have been largely employed to adulterate our favorite breakfast beverage. Numerous other articles on our tables would be found impure if subjected to proper tests. The following simple test is said to detect with certainty the presence of chiccory in ground coffee: On the surface of a glass of water put about half a tea-spoonful of the coffee to be examined; stir it in with the water rapidly for nearly half a minute; if the water becomes immediately colored, and several grains sink to the bottom, it is a sure indication that the sample is not pure. Pure coffee gives only the slightest tint to the water, and rarely if ever any of its grains sink to the bottom, unless left to stand for several hours.

Sensational letters published in the St. Petersburg *Golos* state that hundreds of bodies of those who died from the plague at Astrakhan in December are yet unburied.

England's war with the Zulus bids fair to be one of the most serious which she has carried on in South Africa. The immediate cause of hostilites was the redress demanded by the British government for certain brutal acts committed against refugee women who had sought shelter in Natal, and the non-performance of certain regulations made at the time Cetywayo was made king. As Zululand is a vast region, and is inhabited by something like 300,000 natives, who are a powerful and warlike race, it is not likely to be subdued without a long struggle.

In order to prevent the introduction of diseased meat into the market, the Brooklyn Board of Health has ordered the proprietors of several slaughter-houses in Williamsburg and elsewhere throughout the city to report to the board all cattle that may be sent there for slaughter. As soon as word is received that animals have been received, an inspector or veterinary surgeon will visit the place and examine them.

A Danish sailor named Goldsmith proposes to sail across the Atlantic from Boston next summer, accompanied by his wife, in an open boat eighteen and a half feet long. He meditates a trip around the world, going to Norway, Sweden, by the North Sea to Scotland, by the Mediterranean to Alexandria, through the Suez Canal to Aden, across the Indian Ocean to India, through the Straits of Malacca, thence northward to Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Jeddo, and finally across the Pacific to San Francisco, which place he expects to reach in the fall of 1881. From the Golden Gate he will come East to Boston by rail. The boat is so constructed with air-tight compartments that it will float even if filled with water.

In Malden, Massachusetts, the Board of Health has passed a resolution, of which the following is an extract: "No child from any family in which a case of scarlet fever or diphtheria has occurred or shall hereafter occur shall attend any school in this town without a certificate from a physician that all danger of contagion from the disease has ceased. No member of any family wherever there is or has occurred a case of the above diseases should communicate or mingle with other people unless by consent of the attending physician."

Early in February it was stated in Boston newspapers that all the ice companies in that vicinity had done well, many of them having laid in enough to last nearly two years. The ice garnered is thick and of good quality, and it is predicted that the price will be low next summer.

Subscriptions to the New Armory Fund of the Seventh Regiment have of late become so inadequate to the proper prosecution of the work that the General Committee has decided to have the regiment borrow the amount necessary to complete and finish the new building without delay. Subscriptions are still solicited, as every contribution will reduce the amount of the proposed loan. When the armory is sufficiently completed, a grand fair will be held in it—probably next October—and it is believed that from this and other sources sufficient money will be raised to cancel any indebtedness incurred.

The first pile of the new ocean pier at Long Branch was sunk on February 10, in the presence of a large number of spectators. This is called the anchor pile, and is about twenty feet from the bank and two hundred from low-water mark. In the hollow pile was deposited a bottle containing New York papers, a history of the proposed pier, and an address to be read by whoever, in future ages, "should dig up that pile."

Reports from the South indicate that the yellow fever is not wholly eradicated from certain sections. It is thought by physicians that the exhuming and removal of bodies has caused a re-appearance of the disease, and that unless the authorities prohibit this the fever will again occur with its former malignity. The bodies of many wealthy persons were buried in Potter's Fields, their relatives having fled to the North, and when it was thought that the weather was cold enough, arrangements were made to remove them. But it is now believed that the frost has not penetrated deep enough to destroy the sources of danger.

General Melikoff has ordered the formation of a military cordon along the entire course of the Volga to prevent the spread of the plague. The military authorities have dispatched seventeen additional doctors to the infected districts. General Melikoff is taking very energetic measures there. A correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya* telegraphs that General Melikoff, finding the local prisons in a shockingly filthy condition and overcrowded, threatened the officers with death if such a condition of things continued.

It is a relief to know that in consequence of the efforts of the Brooklyn Board of Health the Governor of New York has prohibited the sale of the milk from several hundred cows confined in stables connected with distilleries at Blissville, Long Island. These stables had been visited by inspectors, the cows were diseased, and yet every day thousands of quarts were retailed to unsuspecting customers. Governor Robinson ordered the stables to be quarantined. Certain milkmen who, contrary to orders, offered this milk for sale, were promptly arrested; and one day six hundred quarts of "swill milk" were thrown into the sewer, in compliance with the orders of the Sanitary Superintendent. It is believed that much of the prevailing sickness and mortality among children is due to the use of this poisonous milk.

In London the other day an officer seized a number of sacks of flour containing seventy-eight per cent. of plaster of Paris; and it was proved that a baker had made and sold 114 loaves of bread therefrom. On account of a legal technicality, it is said that the Lord Mayor refused to condemn the lot or prohibit its sale. Finally the merchant who had advanced money on the shipment, on the representation that the bags contained flour, instituted an action for conspiring to obtain money on false pretenses and with intent to defraud, and thus the impostor was arrested.

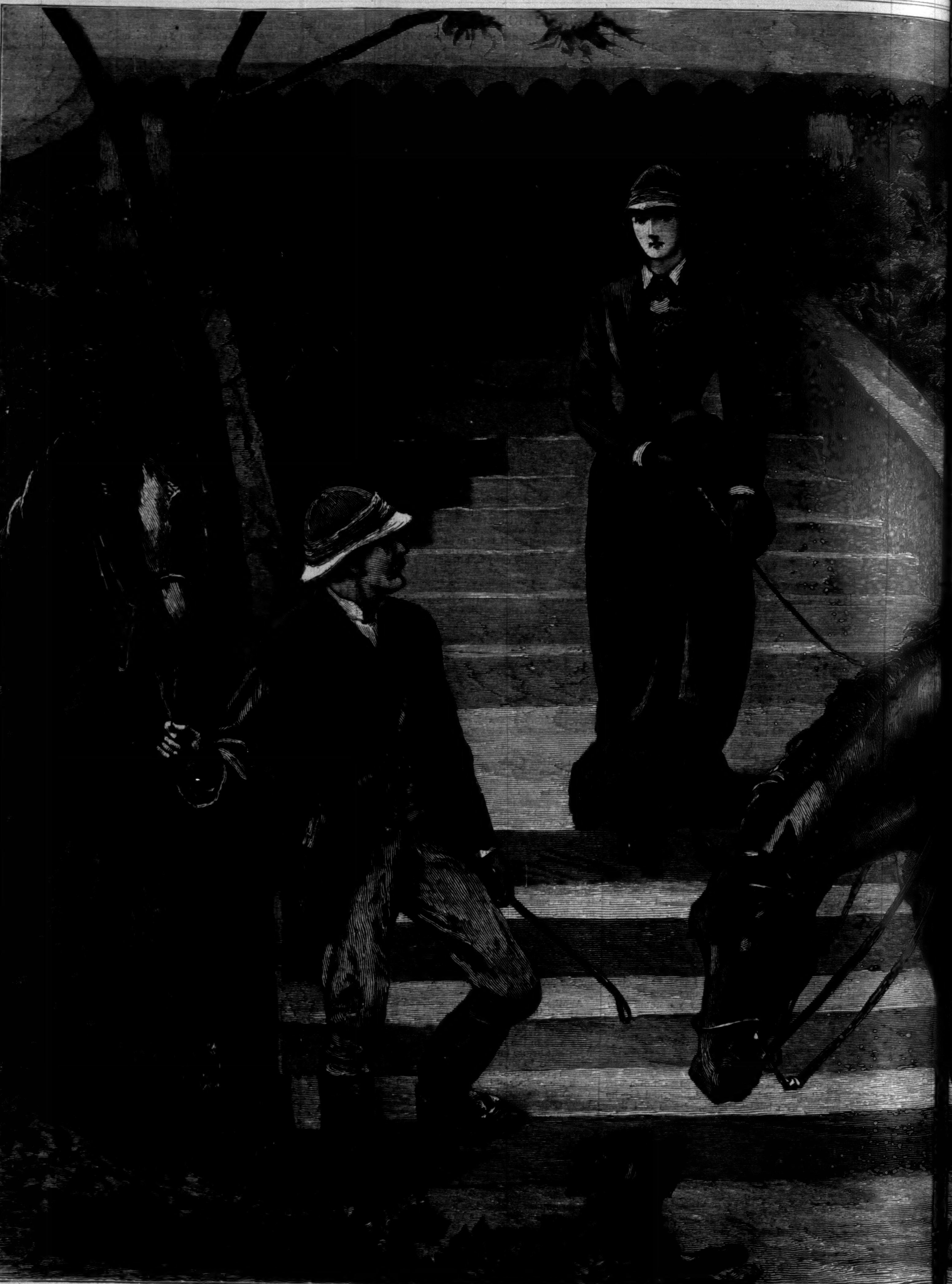
The *British Quarterly Review* for January, in an article entitled "London Gas," expresses its full belief in the advantages of the electric light, and thinks that a subdivided electric light is not only possible but probable.

A "Grand Combination Billiard Tournament" is announced to take place in this city in April or May, when there will be an exhibition of two popular styles of playing, and there will also be two series of prizes.

The wealth of England is computed at $39,200,000,000; the wealth of France at $40,300,000,000.

In 1876 the entire quantity of meat imported into Great Britain is stated at 16,165,632 pounds. In 1878 the amount had increased to 53,661,216 pounds. These statements are made with regard to the American trade alone. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in speaking of the increasing dimensions of this trade, remarks that "every year Europe can spare fewer cattle, and it is to America we must look to make up the deficiency in the home supply."

Among the towns now quarantined on the Lower Volga are several of the chief commercial centres in Eastern Russia. Saratoff, about 400 miles above Astrakhan, is an important manufacturing town; Samara, a little higher up, is the centre of trade in "koomis," or fermented mare's milk, so largely used for medicinal purposes. The traffic of Astrakhan in furs and stuffs of various kinds is well known. That the value of the Volga trade is appreciated by the Russian government is shown by the money which has been expended upon the new railways that have lately united Saratoff and Tzaritzin with lines centring in Moscow. The direction in which the plague is spreading makes it a most serious calamity to Russia.



LIFE IN SOUTHERN INDIA—

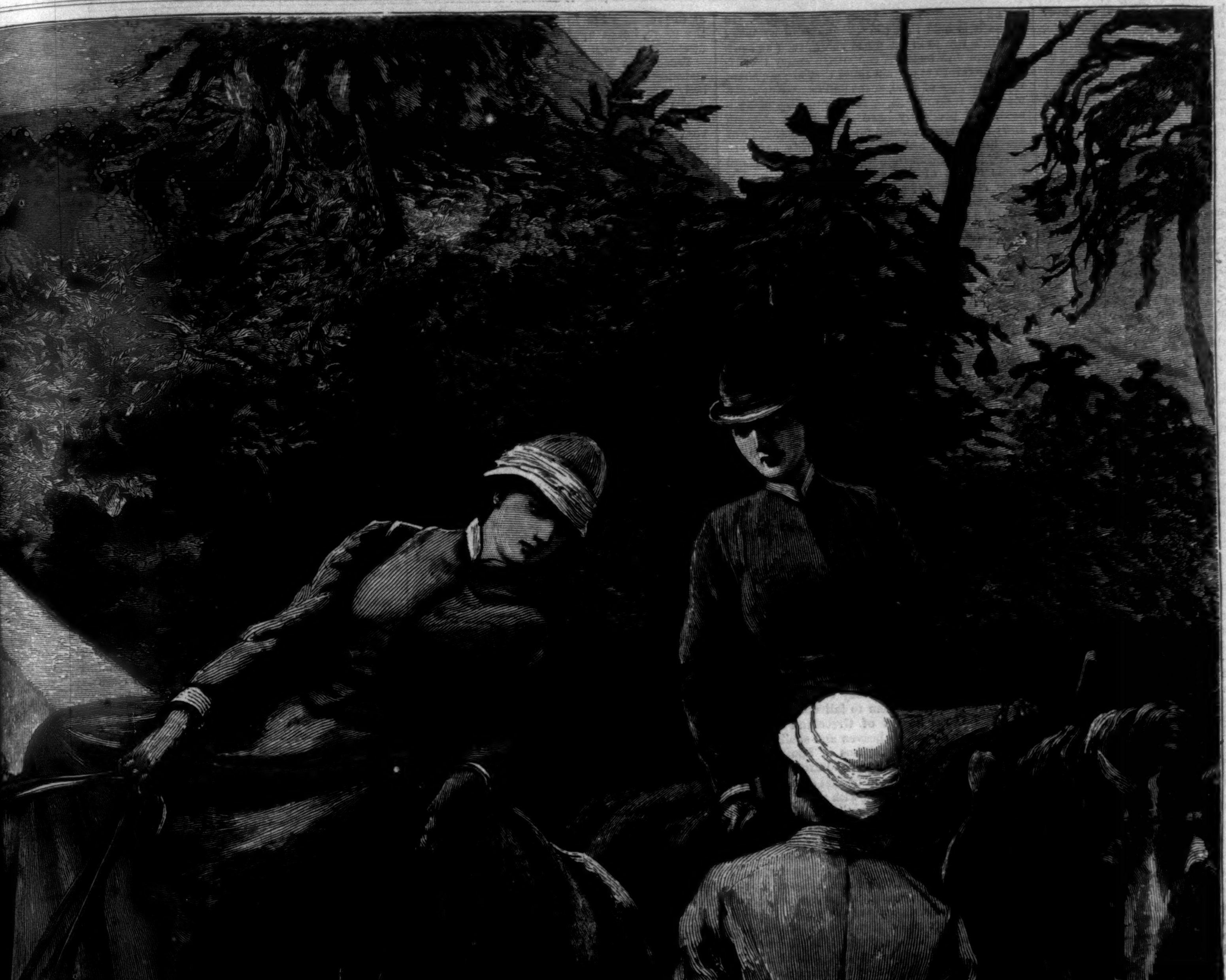
SOCIAL PASTIMES IN INDIA.

WHATEVER else may be wanting in the lives of those English officers and their families whom destiny has compelled to accept an appointment to India, there is at least plenty of amusement. The climate is such as to render Europeans indisposed for labor of any sort; there are always plenty of native servants to do all the work that is necessary, and the only resource is gayety of one kind or another. One lady, in detailing her experiences with the military exiles whom the authorities in England had sent to wear out their days at the cantonment of Bangalore, tells us: "There was no lack of amusement, if the heat, to which I was unaccustomed, had not enervated me so that I lost my interest in such things. Ball succeeded to ball, dinner to dinner, and there was the usual amount of dancing and flirting and eating at both; there were excellent races and plenty of reviews and brigades, to say nothing of minor pleasures."

Whatever the feelings may be with which an English regiment leaves the shores of its native island, a glance at an Indian station like that of Bangalore is sufficient to convince even the most apprehensive of its members that the life before them has its compensations. At this place the centre of the cantonment is occupied by a large green parade-ground, which looks like a well-kept common. This open space is lined by rows of white houses, each standing cottage-like in its own garden, and at the first view suggests an English village on a large scale. The houses, although they differ in size, are all built after the same pattern; and the grounds also are nearly always laid out in the same style. Bangalore has a splendid ball-room and race-course, one of the best of circulating libraries, and a band garden that rivals any in all India. There are several excellent hotels, a number of imposing churches, and a few handsome residences. In many instances the European officers who have permanent appointments to this post have taken great pains to ornament and beautify their dwellings. Most of the regimental officers of Bangalore live on their own lines; that is, they occupy houses clustered together and close to the huts or barracks in which their men are located. This contiguity is naturally productive of a great deal of intimacy in the corps, and—alas for human nature!—of a great deal of squabbling at times.

One of the institutions in India which does much toward promoting social intercourse among the English residents is what are known as "travellers' bungalows." As travellers in India, once beyond the range of military stations, must bid farewell to hotels and other conveniences of civilization, the government has erected, at distances of fifteen and twenty miles along the principal roads, certain houses for their use. These houses are generally built to accommodate only a small number, and it frequently happens that so many apply for shelter at once that difficulties ensue regarding the adjustment of rival claims. Ladies, presuming upon the consideration usually accorded to their sex by the other, are apt to turn hapless bachelors, who have been asleep for hours, out on the veranda to finish the night. Each bungalow is left under the charge of a government "peon," who is bound to supply the traveller so far as possible with whatever he may think fit to order. The peon will also perform the office of cook, if desired to do so. In this manner the English excursionist in India generally contrives to get over the ground in a very happy, independent sort of style, provided he is not too particular about his bed, and is contented to eat the everlasting curry and rice, which, in the opinion of the peon, is usually the only dish a traveller has a right to command.

Hospitality is a virtue carried even to excess among the Anglo-Indians, who delight in entertaining strangers, particularly if they have but recently come from England, or even Europe. There was at one time a certain house in Mysore which may serve as an illustration of the manner in which permanent residents will exert themselves to please their guests. The owner of the Red Lion, Dr. C——, durbar surgeon to the Rajah of Mysore, had one of those large hearts which must be forever giving, and so cordial was his welcome to all that there was rarely ever a room in his house left unoccupied. Probably no establishment was ever conducted in which more attention was paid to the comfort of guests. The house was large and beautifully furnished, for every Governor and C
went and returned on
at Mysore as the guest o
set apart for these dist
furnished in a style w
All along the back of t
were disposed settees
front part was occupie
and chairs, where the
at any hour call for t
and the gentlemen enj



NDIA— TURN FROM EARLY TEA.

r and C nder-in-Chief, as he
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occupie various little tables
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all for t other refreshments,
men enj ir cigars and news-

papers at the same time. It is some such entertainment as this from which the merry party in the accompanying illustration have just returned, for the artist writes: "Our engraving represents a party of people returning from 'early tea,' which has been held in the veranda of a country house in Southern India. It is in general a sociable sort of gathering. After having spent a portion of the early morning riding, or playing at tennis or Badminton, as the case may be, they stop in to have a chat with a neighbor before going home to dress for breakfast. As soon as the sun becomes too hot for walking or riding, the veranda makes a cool and pleasant lounging place. Beyond this lies the drawing-room, which, with its pretty ornaments, luxurious couches, and long swinging punkah, forms a further refuge when the scorching rays begin to fall upon the veranda. By this time, however, the horses outside begin to stretch their necks and whinny, to imply that they too would like something in the way of refreshments. Usually attention is paid to their wants by their masters and mistresses, who, in India as elsewhere, are apt to include their horses among the animals they delight to pet. The white suits and vola hats of the gentlemen, the bright faces of the ladies in their trim habits, and the unusual style of the house in which we find ourselves, all contribute to make up a picture like, and yet remarkably unlike, any thing that may be met with in England."

Horse-back riding is an amusement especially dear to the English residents of India. Many ladies are exceedingly enthusiastic in regard to it, and spend hours of every day in the saddle. The author of a charming volume called *Gup* (the Hindoostanee for gossip, which flourishes to as great an extent in the Indian peninsula as in other quarters of the globe) tells us many a pleasant story of her experiences as an equestrian, but is very decided about giving a preference to the native pony when it is a question of exploring the jungle or traversing the roads of the hill country. She says: "I used occasionally to ride a pony whilst in Rangoon, but for explorations in the surrounding jungle nothing was so convenient or sure-footed as a native pony. The one I kept for my particular use was acknowledged to be a great beauty, being thirteen hands high, which is an unusual height for a Pegu pony, and rendered him valuable in proportion. Ajax was black, built like a little dray-horse for strength, and very clever at jumping. We had another, a gray, called Saxon, which was a prettier pony than Ajax, though not so large, but he had a hard mouth, which is one of the peculiar faults of that breed. Ajax cost twenty-five and Saxon twenty pounds, both very high prices for Pegu ponies, for ten pounds is considered a very large sum to give for one. The little mares that are too small for breeding (some of them not being much larger than Newfoundland dogs) can be had for very small prices, varying from one pound to three. The Pegu ponies are very small, and generally very obstinate; they are difficult to sit upon for any one who has been accustomed to ride a horse, on account of their ambling paces, by which they almost wriggle their riders off; their disposition for shying is also very great. They are the only creatures, however, fitted to ride through a country which is more than half jungle, and which possesses no roads to speak of. My horse was continually falling with me, through awkwardness in attempting to climb over slippery banks, or jump over roots in the jungle, whilst I never met with an accident on a Pegu pony but once. I was accompanying my husband and a friend in an expedition through the jungle, the gentlemen walking, whilst I rode a pony named Sandy. At one part of the way we came upon the dry bed of a water-course, which was some six feet deep, and across which a rough narrow bridge of planks had been thrown. I had no fear of crossing it, particularly as my friend had his hand on my bridle-rein; but as Sandy reached the middle he halted, and, planting his fore-feet firmly upon the bridge, refused, donkey-wise, to stir either backward or forward. The gentleman who led him gave him a cut with his stick, when the brute instantly commenced to back toward the edge of the planks, and, getting his hind-feet over, threw me off in his struggle into the bed of the water-course. My friend fought with the pony for a minute, and then, by sheer strength and the use of the reins, hauled him on to the planks again and forced him over to the other side. In the mean while, I was lying on my back in the 'nullah.' However, my husband came to my assistance, and I was glad to be able to ride home again, and to be thankful that Sandy had not alighted on top of me, when I might have been killed, instead of only bruised."

An Indian station is by no means an unpleasant place for young and pretty ladies who are fond of attention. The preponderance of the sterner sex over the fairer one at such points is so great that a lady possessing the least attraction is almost certain to be surrounded by admirers at all hours of the day and night. The following story, although wearing a slightly exaggerated air to incredulous minds, is solemnly vouched for by the author of *Gup* as having been related to her by an intimate friend, Mrs. D——, whose word is not to be doubted:

"She told me that at the time they sailed for India there were two sergeants of the name of D—— in the regiment, one of whom (not her husband) died on the passage out; and when the troops were landed at Madras the information of his death was sent to head-quarters. Their destination was Bangalore, and they marched by slow stages. When within a few miles of the place, as they were halting for the last time, a detachment of one of the other regiments in Bangalore marched out with their band to play them into the cantonment—a compliment usually paid to troops in India. Mrs. D——, who was a very pretty woman, was seated at breakfast with her husband on this occasion, when a fine, handsome sergeant, armed with a large bouquet of flowers and some fruit, popped his head into the tent, and having introduced himself, made his little offering to Mrs. D——, and sat down with them. He had not sat there many minutes, however, when another non-commissioned officer, bigger and better-looking than the first, and carrying a basket of fresh butter and eggs, also entered, and having, notwithstanding the frowns of his comrade, presented his gifts to Mrs. D——, and seen them most graciously accepted, took a seat likewise. Mrs. D—— and her husband hardly knew what to make of their new friends, they appeared so very eager to make themselves agreeable, but they both agreed in thinking them the most hospitable and sociable strangers they had ever come across, and that if every one in India was as kind and anxious to ingratiate himself, the place must be paradise. In the course of conversation, however, Sergeant D—— happened to speak of his wife.

"'Oh! you're a married man, then?' observed one of the strangers, apparently relieved by the news.

"'Of course I am,' replied the husband; 'why, there she is.'

"'*That* your wife!' exclaimed the first man, with intense surprise.

"'Why, we heard you had died coming over,' was the rapid exclamation.

"'We thought you were the other D——.' And then their rage melted away in laughter.

"'There are four others coming to meet you with presents.'

"'You'll have enough butter to last you for a week.'

"'You'll be able to smother yourself with flowers, Mrs. D——, if you like.'

"'But why—how—what is the reason of it?' exclaimed husband and wife, still mystified.

"Then it all came out; the reports that Sergeant D—— had a very pretty wife, and that Sergeant D—— had died on the voyage out, had become jumbled up together in the non-commissioned officers' quarters at Bangalore; the result of which was that Mrs. D—— had some half-dozen aspirants to the honor of her hand before she knew what their intentions were or was in a position to accept any of them. The two suitors above mentioned having got over their disappointment, entered heartily into the joke of deceiving their rivals, and the whole party sat out quietly the visitations of some four or five other men, all of whom appeared laden with some offering or other for the supposed widow of Sergeant D——, whose good looks had preceded her to Bangalore. But when at last the grand explanation was given, it all passed off very amicably.

"'I'm very sorry, for your sakes, that I ain't dead,' said Sergeant D——, jocosely, 'but as I'm alive, and I can't help it, suppose we make the best of a bad job, and all have a good breakfast together?'"

CONCERNING GHOSTS.

We may be said now to be above the terror of ghosts; but for long ages they were a cause of misery, a cruel nightmare preying upon the infantine mind of man as it slept or lay half awake in its cradle. Death was believed to change men much for the worse, and to transform even their nature. Tylor has brought together many instances of this belief:

"The Australians have been known to consider the ghosts of the unburied dead as becoming malignant demons. New-Zealanders have supposed the souls of their dead to become so changed in nature as to be malignant to their nearest and dearest friends in life. The Caraibs said that of man's various souls some go to the sea-shore and capsize boats, others to the forests to be evil spirits. Among the Sioux Indians the fear of the ghost's vengeance has been found to act as a check on murder. Of some tribes in Central Africa it may be said that their main religious doctrine is the belief in ghosts, and that the main characteristics of these ghosts is to do harm to the living. The Patagonians live in terror of the souls of their wizards, which become evil demons after death. Turanian tribes of North Asia fear their shamans even more when dead than when alive, for they become a special class of spirits who are the hurtfulest in all nature, and who among the Mongols plague the living on purpose to make them bring offerings. In China it is held that the multitudes of wretched destitute spirits in the world below, such as souls of lepers and beggars, can sorely annoy the living; therefore at certain times they are appeased with offerings of food, scant and beggarly; and a man who feels unwell, or fears a mishap in business, will prudently have some mock clothing and mock money burned for these 'gentlemen of the lower regions.' Notions of this sort are widely prevalent in Indo-China and India. There whole orders of demons were formerly human souls, especially of people left unburied or slain by plague or violence; of bachelors, or of women who died in childbirth, and who henceforth wreak their vengeance on the living."

And we read in Ettmüller's *Alt-Nordische Studien:* "Arwit and Asmund were great friends. They swore eternal friendship, and that the first to die would soon be followed by the other to the grave. Arwit's hour came, and he was buried, with his horse and dog, in a cavern. Asmund did not long delay to fulfill his promise. Accordingly he caused the sepulchre to be opened, entered it, and seated himself near the body; then the large stone was rolled on the cavern's mouth, and he was shut from the world. It happened that some days afterward the Swedes, led by Erik, invaded the country. Being apprised that the mound contained rich treasure, they proceeded to open it. Asmund was discovered. Ghastly he stared, with clothes torn, hair dishevelled, his white face smeared with blood. He declared that every night Arwit came to life again, ferocious by hunger. Arwit having devoured the flesh of the horse and dog, fell unawares upon his friend and brother, and bit off his left ear. Every night the battle raged afresh. He, Asmund, with his unbroken sword, had split Arwit's skull and smashed his ribs."

This story throws a lurid light on what was believed to be the state of the defunct souls. Not absolutely dead, they were constantly starving; at most times they remained motionless, but now and again they would be relieved by some water, by some drops of milk or blood or honey, by the wind bringing them smells of viands, fumes of sacrifices, which they eagerly sniffed. Dire hunger impelled them to fall upon all carrion. The Erloer Sortok of Greenland attacks the dead on their way to heaven and spoils them of their viscera. The Boothams of South India take advantage of human offal and excrement, as do the flies. Rabbis caution us that some recesses in the house are swarming with them. Ghosts are the very hunger, they are famine itself. Roaming every where, they devoured not only dead corpses but also the living bodies, for in former times every ailment was supposed to be the work of a demon who preyed upon the vital parts, fed upon man's substance, like some hideous tapeworm located in the entrails. They are the servants of death, the emissaries of the grave. Some, it is true, protect their kith, are well-doers to their own family, but doers of evil to all others. On the whole they are mischievous beings. Touched by them, any man or animal sickens or dies; the flower withers which they graze. They extract and absorb the essence of things as they look upon them. They pass over the orchards as a killing frost, over the young wheat as a blighting wind. If they enter a man who be of their lineage and of their especial favorites, by a rare miracle he may become a genius, a seer, or a prophet; but as a rule he is turned into a fool, a demoniac, or an epileptic. If they enter their victim but *en passant*, their presence means sore eyes, oppression, fever, gout, rheumatism, and other ailments. What says the folk-lore?—"He who steps over the graves gets a rash; he who reads the epitaphs on the tombstones, his memory is weakened....He who smells flowers gathered in cemeteries loses the scent....Lovers are estranged when earth from a church-yard is thrown between them....A pregnant woman miscarries when she walks over a coffin....He who brushes a ghost unawares is shot by the elves in the loins....'Between the living and the dead,' teaches the Talmud, 'the partition can never be too deep. Put a rock, put a wall between you and them, and if you can not do more, turn the head away from them.' How should not the ghosts be dreaded? They are pestilence, they are Black Death, which carries off populations at once. When they are packed close together, they push, rend, and tear; they cause earthquakes in the subterranean depths, and in the atmosphere storms, tempests, and cyclones. Witches are fiendish souls which have located themselves in a human body like some crab in a strange shell, or have been called up by some conjurer. At Jeypoor, South India, a hag, when angry with any one, will get at night to the top of the hut in which lies her intended victim. Through a hole in the roof she reaches the sleeper by a ball of thread, whose other end is in her mouth, and thus she draws the blood out of him. She may even remove the ribs from one's breast, or place various substances in one's stomach, without his knowledge."

Every where it is in criminal alliance with the demons or ghosts that witches are said to have destroyed crops by worms or caterpillars, by moths or rust, by mildew, dry-rot, or by hail. They scatter scab and murrain among the flocks, they dry up the cows, or make them give blood instead of milk. Their power is much on the wane, it is true, but as long as it lasted no wonder that the poor miserable country folks were intent on their extermination. Quite recently in Mexico a wretched old female was burned alive for being suspected of sorcery. In fact, the ferocious and stupid prosecution of these supposed malefactors is, in the later centuries, a foul blot on the magistracy of all European countries, and on the Protestant and Catholic clergies alike.

We need no longer wonder then, as we study the history of funeral rites, at the trouble which was taken in securely disposing of the dead, so as to prevent them from bursting the bonds of the grave, intent upon rambling to the general discomfort of men.

Tshoovashs screw the lid of the bier as fast and strong as they can. Tsheremiss hedge the body in between poles too high to be climbed up. Arabs squeezed the soul under thick slabs, and every passer-by added a stone to the heap. Amakosa are careful that not a sod be taken from the grave, for fear lest the superincumbent earth should become too light. In Bohemia during the twelfth century, when the people went home from a burial, they flung stones and chips of wood above their shoulders without ever looking behind—a delicate hint to the dead not to loiter among his former friends. Cáyávávás and Etonámás (South America) closed the mouth and nostrils of the dying, that death might not escape and pounce upon others. Not satisfied with this contrivance, Peruvians stitched these apertures with a strong cord, others fastened the arms of the dead (Polynesia), or tied their toes (Ceylon), or pounded their bones (the ancient Balearians), and bottled the powder in closely fitting jugs. Another device was to eat the body raw (Australia), or roasted (Polynesia). By chopping the bones, extracting the marrow and ingesting it, one was sure to give a final quietus to the deceased, and bolt in all his strength and virtues. Among the always practical Chinese, special officers were appointed by the crown to hoot and shout at the obnoxious *shen*—to frighten them away, as if they were merely a band of sparrows or pilfering monkeys.

AN EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The recent meeting at Washington of various intelligent and practical educators ought to produce some new facts in the history of the art, some suggestions of real advantage to the country. It should be followed by the attention of all the parents in the nation, all the intelligent. It is a convention that treats of subjects interesting to every class in the community. The care of the children is the supreme duty of the family, church, state. A good system of treatment for the children of the present generation, an honest education, a careful training in the industrial arts, would do more for the future prosperity of the nation than any other measure that can be conceived of. A stringent educational law is required that should remove the intense ignorance that has so long clouded the progress of the Southern States; that would convert Tensas Parish and Shreveport into the abode of humane and civilized men; that would teach to every child of the Northern cities some habits of cleanliness and good order; that would introduce neatness into the crowded tenement-house, self-respect in the retired street. There is no doubt that the first aim of every educational system should be a moral one, almost a political one. It is designed to fit the child for his future duties in the community, teach him purity in thought and conduct, regard for the welfare of others, neatness in dress and person, obedience, order, gentleness, politeness, firmness. The ideal aim of a good plan of education is to produce industrious, modest, intelligent men and women. There is, it is true, little hope at present of doing much in the crowded public school, of affecting the individual life, of forming a useful character, until some more effective means shall be found for personal instruction, until the large classes are divided, the excessive number allotted to each teacher reduced. At least in the schools of New York and other large cities the practice of overfilling the rooms, overburdening the teacher, is too often the cause of very inferior instruction. It is asserted often with justice that the scholars learn little, that even their reading and writing is indifferently done, that the personal influence of the teacher is scarcely felt.

Yet no one who has visited one of these public schools has failed to see their immense value to the community. Even the most imperfect are useful to a degree that is inestimable. They collect together a great body of children, the greater part of whom would otherwise have been left to utter ignorance, complete neglect. They teach them the elements of cleanliness, decency, decorum, form them into classes, regulate their conduct. Some are extremely poor, taken from miserable homes, or none at all; in the school they find warmth, comfort, order, good society. Some are well off, and are or ought to be taught to aid with friendly attentions their poorer companions. All are obliged to observe the common rules, to obey a generally cultivated teacher. It is said that in the German public schools, where princes and peasants sit side by side on the same benches, instructed by the same masters, often the friendships formed at school never pass away, and the associations of early youth soften the divisions of society. Germany is intensely feudal and aristocratic; with us public instruction should be made to teach republicanism and human equality. Parents and strangers, citizens, sincere friends of progress, can not visit too often the public schools. They should make it a part of their duty as men, citizens. Mothers should watch with care over the progress of their children, and see that they are well instructed and cared for. The whole city should watch over its public schools and visit them. There can be no more pleasing spectacle. The children, however poor, are prepared for school with some attention to neatness; the more fortunate are perhaps more carefully tended. The classes form with regularity; the animation of youth is excited by music, singing. The great rooms are filled with their busy throngs, and an army of fifteen hundred scholars may sometimes be found gathered in a single school-house. More than a hundred thousand children, about one-tenth of its population, assemble every fair morning in the public schools of New York; more than two hundred thousand are enrolled upon the list of scholars. Many schools are so crowded that they can receive no more. The system is rising in popularity. It is the cheapest, the most effective, for the people. It has grown up with the country; it is the foundation of its republicanism.

But what are its defects? They are so great, so numerous, that the labors of generations of educational reformers may be required to correct them. The first is the fact that the system is wholly ineffective, irregular, disordered; that it fails perfectly to educate large masses of children; that its enemies every where are permitted to impair its utility, its friends too often dull and cold in its defense. In all parts of the Southern States education is yet only a name; whites and blacks grow up in a common ignorance; the teachers are starved; the school-houses, where they exist, log-cabins or worthless huts. The recent reports from all this section of the country show that the majority of its people are growing up savage and untrained. But still more dangerous is the class of uneducated persons in our larger cities who never hear of a school. They are found in tenement-houses, close streets, untidy corners; they are numbered by hundreds of thousands; they form a dangerous class that in the next generation may prove the source of infinite trouble to the nation; they are the chief source of crime, in politics of corruption; they become thieves, murderers, burglars. What is to be done with the uneducated in all parts of the Union? how can they be brought under the influence of moral training? are questions our educational conventions may well labor to answer. In Prussia they would be arrested and sent to school; in England the parent who refuses to educate his child is fined; in the United States one-third of the children are suffered to grow up in barbarous neglect. It is plain that this condition of things must be stopped by legislation, and that the welfare of the country will demand such a reform in the educational law as shall make our system one that is complete in all its parts.

Between the cultivation of letters, the taste for literature, and the public schools there should be a real connection. They should provide a class of readers able to feel the excellence of literary skill, the value of facts, the attractions of knowledge. The public schools ought to found a national literature. This is what they have done in Germany. Germany is the country most productive in all the labors of solid scholarship, in classics, sciences, history, research, and nearly all its eminent men of letters are the fruits of a careful training in its public schools. They begin on the benches of the village school-house, always in later times kept by a cultivated teacher, are advanced from class to class, reach the gymnasium, are trained in the national universities, become at last professors or private teachers, students, authors. The state throws open its finest institutions to the energetic scholar, and the university of Berlin has made Prussia the mental centre of the German race. Through this course of training passed Niebuhr, Tischendorf, Ranke, Mommsen, Schwegler, and an infinite list of active scholars and authors whose works fill the catalogues of the Leipsic Fair, and furnish the material for the often less thorough studies of France and England. From the public schools of Germany comes that thoroughness in scholarship that has long been the envy of less laborious authors. Dictionaries, grammars, histories, scientific treatises, all find their origin in the same source. Even Shakspeare owes his most careful elucidation to the scholarship of Germany, and Anglo-Saxon literature its best treatises to a German and a Dane. The public education established by Stein and Humboldt has made the German race the powerful centre of scholastic literature.

Thoroughness can only be attained by careful organization; it is chiefly attained by a rigid study of the elements of knowledge. But in the widely diffused school-houses of our extensive system, reaching from the wildest districts of Maine, the most impoverished sections of the Middle States, to the new counties of Oregon and California, it would be useless to look for perfection in teaching, or that completeness of organization that makes the German and sometimes the French schools admirable in their results. We must wait until the country is older, its lands thickly settled, its distant towns the seats of literary taste, before we can look for this literary progress. But we can at least lay down the principle that thoroughness shall be the leading aim of all our teaching; that it is better to read, write, and cipher well than to be imperfectly trained in algebra or carelessly educated in the languages; that it is better to know thoroughly the history of our own country than superficially that of many countries; wiser to leave the young intellect to read and draw in knowledge naturally than overburden it with a cumbrous load of studies from which it turns away to idleness and dreams. A mind well grounded in the elements of knowledge necessarily desires more.

It would be easy to suggest many improvements in our mode of instruction; many of them will follow necessarily the growth and advance of the whole country. A period of prosperity awaits it that will leave ample room for literary progress. Yet it is worthy of a careful study to notice how much of this prosperity rests upon its general intelligence and its public schools. Already as a people the Americans are outstripping all other races in the industrial and inventive arts. A recent writer in one of the English papers attributes this progress to the superior cultivation of the American. He is a hardware man, and finds that in locks, tools, guns, watches, and a variety of works in brass and iron, the American citizen excels the English because he is more intelligent. "I was surprised," he says, "at the ingenuity and intelligence of the men" of a gun factory at Providence. This is the result of the common-school education. It is the combined influence of intellect and republican culture. It is thoroughness.

Eugene Lawrence.

"BERGH ON THE LINE."

TWO-AND-TWENTY street cars standing in a row,
Horses in, drivers there—why do they not go?
Cross and sulky men-folk grumbling up the street,
Cross and sulky women looking at their feet,
Or asking the policeman, with an angry sign,
"What's the matter?" "Well, madam, Bergh is on the line."
"What a nuisance!" and with scorn Beauty walks away.
Says a little foreigner, "Who's dis Bergh, Sar, pray?
Some great generale, no doubt?" "Yes, he's had some fights—
Hard-won fights for horses, Sir, and for horses' rights."
"But I understand not it." "That's your care, not mine.
Move forward, Sir—crowd enough: Bergh is on the line."

Grumbling, praising, on all went; but I heard one say,
"Gentlemen, we're proud to walk in the snow to-day—
Proud to think our mother-land has so great a heart,
She can stoop, with love and law, to take a wronged beast's part;
For the 'good time coming,' Sir, 'tis a gracious sign.
We may well afford a cheer for '*Bergh upon the line!*'"

SILK INDUSTRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE progress made in this country since its settlement in the mechanical arts is perhaps greater than ever made elsewhere in the same length of time, and nearly every one will admit that few things have aided the growth of the country itself so much as the skill with which machinery has been adapted to the wants of a widely scattered people. The co-operation of the brains of our inventors with the energy of our people has enabled us to compete with other countries in nearly every thing to which machinery has been applied. This has become so marked a characteristic as to be recognized abroad as well as at home, and it is every day becoming more and more evident that if we would maintain the excellent position which we have won among the most skillful and highly civilized nations, we must continue to excel them in that art of adapting means to desired ends which has been taught us by our necessities, as otherwise the denser populations of other countries will give them an advantage in the arts of manufacture. Every effort, therefore, which improves our mechanical processes is of some consequence, and when it is of a kind to affect favorably a great manufacture, or to make the introduction of another staple industry profitable, it becomes a matter of national concern. Such an improvement has recently been made in the reeling of silk as would seem to come fairly under the head of an important addition to the nation's capital of mechanical resource.

The production and manufacture of silk, which has become one of the great staple industries of the world, is in a peculiar condition in this country, and although it has made great progress during the past twenty-five years, it has been in spite of a very serious difficulty. It is believed that this difficulty is now, through the progress of invention, quite removed, and that the United States may in the future excel as much in the production of silk as they do now in that of cotton. To give a clear idea of what has been needed and is now made possible in the silk industry of the United States, it will be best to divide the industry, for descriptive purposes, into three parts, as is done practically in "the trade," viz., first, the *culture*, meaning the growing of the worm, and the other work required up to the time that the cocoon is secured; second, the *filature*, or *reeling*, meaning the work of drawing the filaments from the cocoons and combining them into the skeins of thread which are technically known as "raw silk;" and third, the *manufacture*, which is subdivided into the operations of "throwing," "cleaning," "doubling," "twisting," "stretching," "dyeing and finishing," and many others.

As to the culture, it has always been *in itself successful* in this country, and in many sections the product is finer and better than has ever been obtained from any other country. Nevertheless silk-culture has *never been profitable*, because, for reasons that will be explained, it has always been found to be impracticable to carry the work through the second stage, the reeling, in this country, and therefore there has been no market for the cocoons when grown. If a market can be had at fair prices for cocoons, the culture of silk will soon become of vast importance to the country, and afford an income to many thousands of people, especially in California and the South.

The reeling is the only process in silk-working in which but little progress has been made for hundreds of years. In all the other steps improved methods and machinery have enormously lessened labor and diminished cost. This may be judged from the fact that such silk fabrics as are now worth about twelve dollars a pound were formerly worth their weight in gold, and that, too, at a time when gold was worth more in proportion to labor than now. The progress of invention in silk machinery has been incessant, but with the exception of some trifling details, it has left the ancient reel untouched. In fact, the work of reeling is so delicate that until recently the inventor was without the means of accomplishing the result desired—automatic working—and so the reeling of silk is still done almost as slowly and laboriously as it was a thousand years ago. The reels are finer, more neatly built, and more nicely finished, but in principle they are the same now as then.

The operation of reeling is as follows: The reeler puts a number of cocoons into hot water, and brushes them with a brush made of fine twigs until the ends of the filaments of a number of cocoons are found. The filaments of several cocoons are then united, and as they adhere they form a thread, which is wound upon a reel, the cocoons in the mean time giving off each its filament, and turning and moving about on the surface of the warm water. Now, uniformity of size and strength being the first requisite of the thread, the reeler is obliged to watch it with extreme care, and to run the reel very slowly, lest a filament break, and a defective thread be wound upon the reel before she can prevent it. When it is stated that these filaments are so fine that it would take over five hundred miles of a single one to weigh a pound, it will at once be seen that the labor of watching them must be immense. In fact, a first-rate reeler can reel only from one and a half to six pounds *a week*, according to quality. Such an amount of labor to accomplish so little can, of course, only be used in places where labor is very cheap, and silk-reeling as a paying work upon the ordinary reels is simply out of the question in this country. The condition of affairs in regard to silk-culture in this country is in effect precisely the same as that of the cotton crop before the invention of the gin: the crop can be raised well enough, but it requires too much labor to prepare it for market. Practically, therefore, until better machinery for reeling is introduced, the United States can not raise silk to advantage. But with automatic reeling machinery, silk can be produced here quite as well as any where else.

The manufacture of raw silk into fabrics has become an important business in this country since 1850, the total value of silk manufactured here annually being now from $21,000,000 to $26,000,000. This industry is possible here because of a protective tariff and the use of very fine machinery. It would be very much more profitable and extensive could our manufacturers depend upon a home supply of silk, instead of being obliged to import their raw material.

It has long been supposed that but little could be done to improve the silk reel, because of the extreme delicacy of the work to be done, and for other reasons connected with its mechanical requirements which can hardly be explained except at considerable length. It has recently been found, however, that by the use of an exceedingly simple electrical stop motion the reel may be so improved as to be capable of accomplishing, according to the kind of work to be done, from ten to thirty times as much work per operative as at present, besides turning out a much better and more uniform product. This will bring the cost of reeling, in labor, down to a point which will make it very profitable to engage in it here, and will, it is hoped, prove of very material advantage both to the silk trade and the country at large. The reeling is at the foundation of all silk manufacture, as all silk, except the refuse which is utilized as "spun" silk, passes through this process.

The consumption of silk in this country is now about $50,000,000 worth per annum. Nearly all of this is imported, either as raw or finished material, but it is believed that there is now no reason why this state of affairs should continue. In fact, it seems probable that before many years we shall be able to add raw and manufactured silk to our growing list of exports, besides supplying the home demand. This improvement in the reel has been thoroughly tested. It involves the use of neither new methods of operation nor very delicate or expensive mechanism. In itself it is extremely simple, but becomes important in view of its application to a great industry at a point where improvement has been so long and so sorely needed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 9.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 16.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

THE Christian ministers of New York have been requested to "bring the evils of the existing overcrowded tenement-house system before their congregations on the fourth Sunday of February" (the 23d). It is also advised that public meetings be held to consider the subject on the evening of that day. The tenement-house population on Manhattan Island is estimated to be 500,000, and the number of such houses to be 21,000. They are still erected, in spite of the hard times; in the last ten years 7041 have been built, at a cost of $82,368,086. We consider in this country that the population of a State is dense when it averages 150 to the square mile; but in the Eleventh Ward of this city it averages 326 to the acre, and in the Seventeenth Ward 305 to the acre. Three hundred and five acres would be about the area of three Pennsylvania farms, the population of which would hardly exceed thirty persons. But there is even worse overcrowding; there is one block in the Eleventh Ward in which are 52 tenement-houses, occupied by 589 families, and representing 2356 inhabitants. It is difficult to see how packing can be carried further with any probability of sustaining life.

The tenement-house system in New York is not over forty years old. It is almost wholly unknown in Philadelphia and in Baltimore, where, as a rule, the families of working-men have separate houses. It is the outgrowth of the rapid increase of the population of the city. Successful efforts have been made to improve the quality of such houses with success and profit to the owners. The manner in which a people are housed has so much to do with their morals that too great attention can not be given to the proposed reformation. Moreover, vice and immorality must be paid for in the end by the thrifty tax-payer.

A bill for making primary education compulsory has been brought into the Assembly by the French Minister of Public Instruction. With characteristic French thoroughness, the penalties of neglect to obey its provisions are such as must be instantly felt. The punishment for the careless father is suspension of political rights for a period varying from one to five years; conscripts who are unable to read and write will be the first summoned to active military duty. The present French ministry also contemplate the restoration to the state of the sole right of conferring academic degrees. This change would abrogate the concessions made a few years ago by the Assembly and Senate, under which the Catholic universities acquired some privileges in the conferring of academic honors.

Both the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting and the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board have sent earnest protests to President HAYES against the anti-Chinese bill now before him for his signature.

Canon JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT has been nominated by the English ministry to the see of Durham, made vacant by the resignation of Right Rev. Dr. BARING. Canon LIGHTFOOT is well known to scholars in this country, and the announcement of his appointment to this important position will be received by them with great pleasure. His commentaries on the New Testament epistles have passed through several editions; he has also been a large contributor to the *Speaker's Commentary*, to SMITH'S *Dictionary of the Bible*, and *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*. He once refused the bishopric of Lichfield, preferring to retain his position in the University of Cambridge. Dr. LIGHTFOOT is classed among the moderate High-Churchmen; his predecessor was one of the foremost representatives of the evangelicals.

The quarrel between the new rector of St. James's Church, Hatcham, and his church-warden was renewed on the last Sunday of January. On the morning of that day the church-warden, Mr. SANDERS, found the obnoxious cross and candlestick again on the communion table; making protest to the rector, he removed them to the vestry. When this was done, the rector declined to hold service, and the building was closed. At the opening of the doors for afternoon worship the candlestick and cross were found on the communion table as before; the irrepressible Mr. SANDERS once more removed them to the vestry, and Mr. WALKER, the rector, once more closed the church. The police were present in force; a rush was made by the mob for the school-room, in which was supposed to be a crucifix. They were, however, kept back by the constables. The *Times* publishes a letter from the Bishop of Rochester to Mr. WALKER, in which the latter is sharply reproved for closing his church on the Sunday named.

The Baptist Year-Book for the State of New York, just issued, reports the number of pastors for 1878-79 to be 660; of churches, 879; of baptisms during the year, 5007; of communicants, 113,367—an increase of 1057. The seven largest churches in the State are the Abyssinian, New York, with 1381 members; Strong Place, Brooklyn, with 892; Owego, 823; Binghamton, 813; Calvary, New York, 785; Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, 762; First, Brooklyn, 759. The net value of Baptist church property in the State is estimated to be $8,000,000; the average amount of property for each church is $10,000. The whole amount paid during the year for the support of public worship was $780,780. Making the necessary deductions for payments on interest and care of property, the average paid to each pastor is estimated at $829.

It is said by Protestant missionaries in Greece that there is less religious liberty in that kingdom now than in the period of Turkish rule. Lately the Minister of Education offered the wife of a Baptist missionary in Athens the privilege of re-opening her school on condition that either a picture of the Virgin should be hung up in it, or a Greek priest permitted to teach the catechism of his Church there every day. The proposal was, of course, declined. This school was closed three years ago because of the refusal of the missionary to teach the children the Greek catechism.

LEO XIII. proves to be a vigorous reformer in his own household. He is the implacable enemy of the sinecurists who hold snug places in the Vatican. "No work, no pay," is the meaning of his recent orders, and the alarm created may be readily imagined. In one of the offices of the palace place-holders went to their duties at noon and left at 1 P.M. Their laborious services consisted in placing signatures to a few official documents. LEO is also intent upon abolishing the exorbitant fees which have been for ages the scandal of the Roman Curia. It is an old maxim that nothing can be secured at Rome without money; in fact, the papacy has subsisted on taxes levied upon the Catholic world. One of the arts of the ancient Popes was to enlarge their revenues by the multiplication of fees. The peremptory strictness of the present pontiff will make him very unpopular with the crowd of officials who have so long traded on the devotion of the faithful.

The income of the Pope is very narrow, and economy is for him a necessity. The contributions of Peter-pence have fallen off. The appeal in behalf of the prisoner of the Vatican no longer avails. LEO XIII. has not the personal popularity with the Catholic masses enjoyed by PIUS IX. It is said that in a private meeting with the cardinals he confessed that "he had thought for a moment of the millions which the Italian government holds always at the disposal of the Holy See."

Bishop COXE, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, deprecates the adoption of the revised version of the English New Testament which is expected shortly to appear, and in a published letter gives his judgment against the adoption of any revision. His question whether the American Bible Society is committed to the adoption of the new version has elicited a distinct statement: (1) that the American Bible Society has no connection with the revision of the Bible now going on; (2) that the revised version will be published by the English university presses. It can only be adopted in the United States by the general consent of the Churches, for whose verdict the American Bible Society must wait. In advance of the appearance of the new version criticisms on it are premature.

Some alarm has been created among the Catholics of France by the reported decrease in the numbers of the French clergy. Statistics have been collected, however, which show that the decrease is apparent only; they are of interest to all who study the religious condition of the French people. In 1817 the number of French parish priests and vicars receiving stipends from the state was 30,022; in 1826 it was 30,709; in 1835, 33,977. In 1846 the number had grown to 36,928, and in 1856 to 39,355; in 1866 to 42,452. The last rapid gain was due largely to the annexation of Nice and Savoy. The latest official returns give the following totals: parochial clergy, 43,059; clergy in colleges, 5040; religious orders, 8000—in all 56,099. The parish clergy have, therefore, increased in France since 1817 over eighty per cent. These facts show that the hold of the Church upon the masses of the people is not shaken by the skepticism so common among educated Frenchmen.

The vexed question of the relative numerical strength of the Established Church and the Nonconformists in England has been lately revived. The *Nonconformist* claims that for 1878 the totals are about as follows: Church of England, 6,500,000 sittings; Wesleyan Methodists, 1,702,724; Congregationalists, 1,395,570; Baptists, 913,785; other Methodist bodies, 1,214,867; all others, 884,719—giving a total for all of 12,611,745. If this be accurate, the Establishment is the Church of about half the population of England and Wales. These statistics are, however, only in part based on exact computation.

The King of Siam, who was when a boy a pupil of Mrs. OWENS, has issued a proclamation establishing religious liberty in the Laos states of his dominion. The proclamation declares that "if any person or persons wish to embrace the Christian religion, they are freely allowed to follow their own choice. It is, moreover, strictly enjoined on the princes and rulers and the relatives and friends of those who may wish to embrace Christianity that they throw no obstacle in the way, and that no creed be enforced on the Christians, nor work demanded of them which their religion forbids them to do."

The same intelligence of the growing influence of Christianity comes from the provinces of China which were lately scourged by famine. The display of Christian charity to the sufferers in measures of relief has led to a more respectful treatment of missionaries. The Rev. Dr. JOHN NEVIUS, of Chefoo, reports that "in some districts whole villages and communities are ready to profess themselves Christians; hundreds have been baptized, and thousands are on the roll of applicants for baptism."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"THAT young lady tried her best to catch your husband before you married him," remarked one lady to another, as a mass of curls and braids, flounces and over-skirt, passed the window at which they were sitting. "I wish she'd got him!" was the quick reply. And then a dead silence fell upon the two, and wonders in crochet-work were accomplished in the next half hour.

The young man who took up the collection in church the other Sunday, when nothing but five-cent pieces were forth-coming, remarked that it was a neat bit of nickel-plating.

At a Methodist Conference meeting in New York a man got up and said he had long wished to speak, but his wife wouldn't let him. His wife had died, however, and having his liberty at last, he proposed to exercise it. In about two minutes the entire Conference wept over the death of the lady as over the loss of a personal friend.

BUSINESS NOTIONS.—A gentleman recently about to pay his doctor's bill said, "Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford, at the very least, to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

ENTHUSIASTIC.—He thought he had married a *spirituelle* young creature with æsthetic tastes. The first Sunday she ate three platefuls of dinner and two rounds of brown bread. He says it was the most enthusiastic æsthetic taste he ever met with since he saw the lions in the circus fed.

HOT AND COLD.—An editor says, "It is just as easy for a child to fall into a tub of cold water as into a tub of hot water, and yet we never read of a child's falling into a tub of cold water."

A witty lady was once told by a gentleman of her acquaintance that "he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth." She looked at him carefully, and, upon realizing the size of his mouth, replied: "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup-ladle."

A bachelor has left a boarding-house in which were a number of old maids, on account of miserable fair set before him at the table.

"This sidewalk's handy, but not as sandy as I wish it was," said the man who reached his length on the icy pavement.

An Irishman noticing a lady pass along, espied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes, and in the right place, he exclaimed, "Faith, ma'am, your galluses are untied."

A man can fasten skates on his sister in much less than half the time he can fix a pair on some other fellow's sister. Why is this? Figure it out, and send us the answer on ice.

A writer in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* gives a little incident in reference to Shakspeare at a transpontine theatre in London: "Me lud! the Duke of Buckingham 'as harrived! "'As 'e? Be 'evings! then orf with 'is blarsted 'ead!"

How is it that a hot furnace is always coaled?

She figured up: "Two cans at 20 cents, 40 cents—that is 150 oysters; milk, butter, and sundries, $1 50; that is 150 stews; at 25 cents, will be $40—a net profit of over $35." Then she smiled sweetly, and the oyster-man knew that she was the refreshment committee of the church festival.

ALWAYS FULL.—The late George Robins, the well-known auctioneer, said in one of his advertisements of an estate that he had for sale, "In that favored region the moon is always at the full."

An Irish waiter at a Christmas gathering at an up-town hotel complimented a turkey in the following manner: "Faith it's not six hours since that turkey was walking around his rale estate wid his hands in his pockets, never draming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

MR. WOOD'S RESOLUTION.

WHEREAS the amount necessary to be provided for the "arrears of pensions" created by the act of January 25, 1879, as officially reported to the House of Representatives by the Secretary of the Treasury in his letter of February 12, 1879, will be $41,500,000, and

Whereas the Secretary of the Treasury further states in his letter that the estimated receipts and expenditures, if the arrears of pensions be provided for, will leave a deficiency at the end of the next fiscal year of $37,062,419 71, and

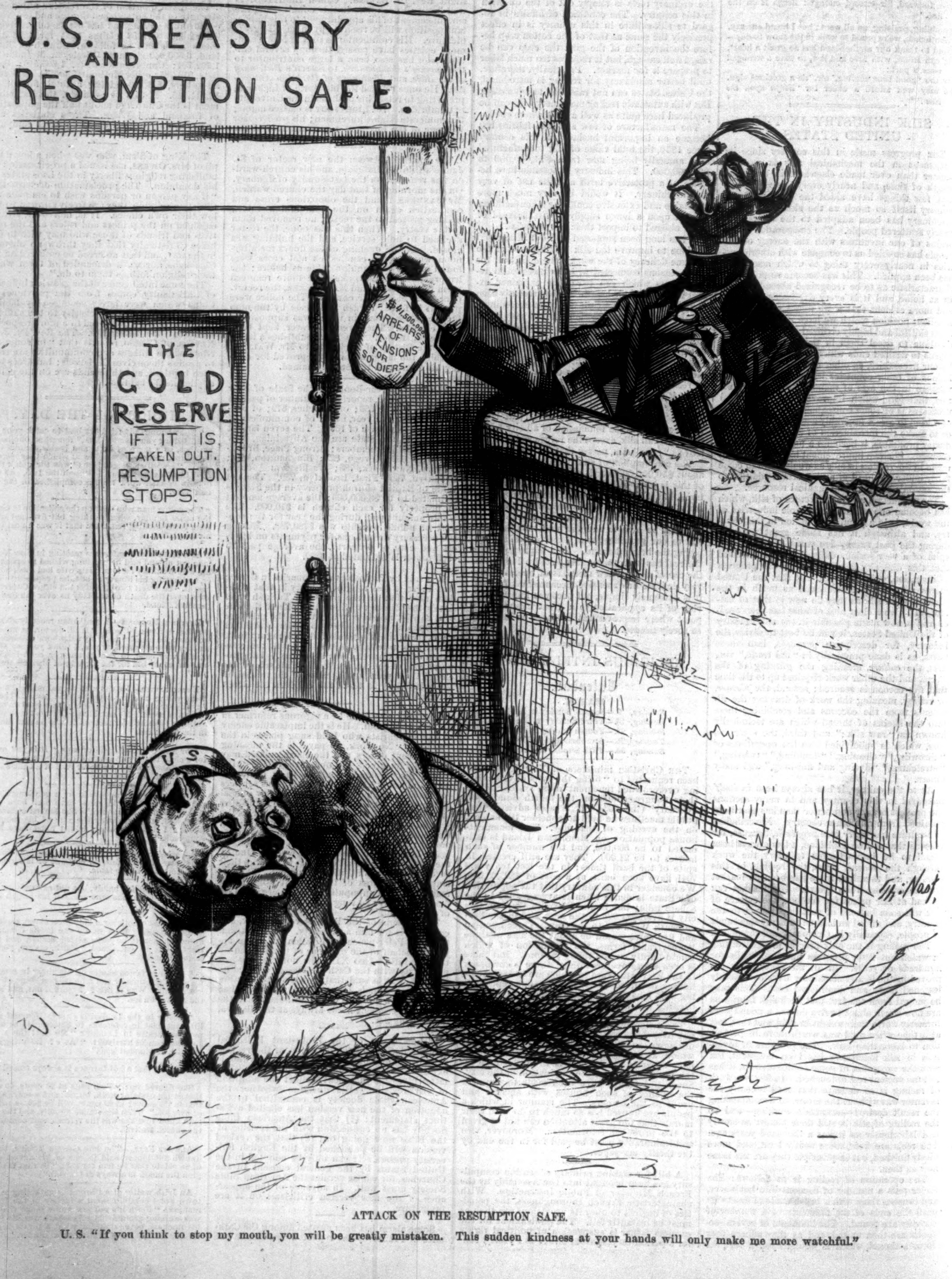
Whereas the Secretary further states that there are but two means of supplying this deficiency, viz., by additional taxation or by the sale of four per cent. bonds, the latter method of which he recommends, and

Whereas the people can not bear the burden of additional taxation, and it is inexpedient to increase the bonded debt, and

Whereas by the monthly statement of the public debt issued by the Secretary of the Treasury February 1, 1879, there was a cash balance in the Treasury of $142,672,049 94, a part of which is reserved for purposes of resumption under the act of January 14, 1875, and

Whereas there can be no good reason at this time for the reserve of so large a sum, which produces no interest, and against which there can be no large probable demand, and in view of the fact that the Secretary has authority to sell bonds for resumption purposes whenever required for that purpose, therefore

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to pay out of the cash balance in the Treasury now on hand and unexpended any money that may be required to pay the arrears of pensions required by the Act of January 25, 1879, or to issue temporary certificates of indebtedness, redeemable at the pleasure of the government, bearing four per cent. interest, the proceeds of which shall be applied to this object.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THE GOLD RESERVE IF IT IS TAKEN OUT. RESUMPTION STOPS.
$41,500,000 "ARREARS OF PENSIONS" FOR SOLDIERS.
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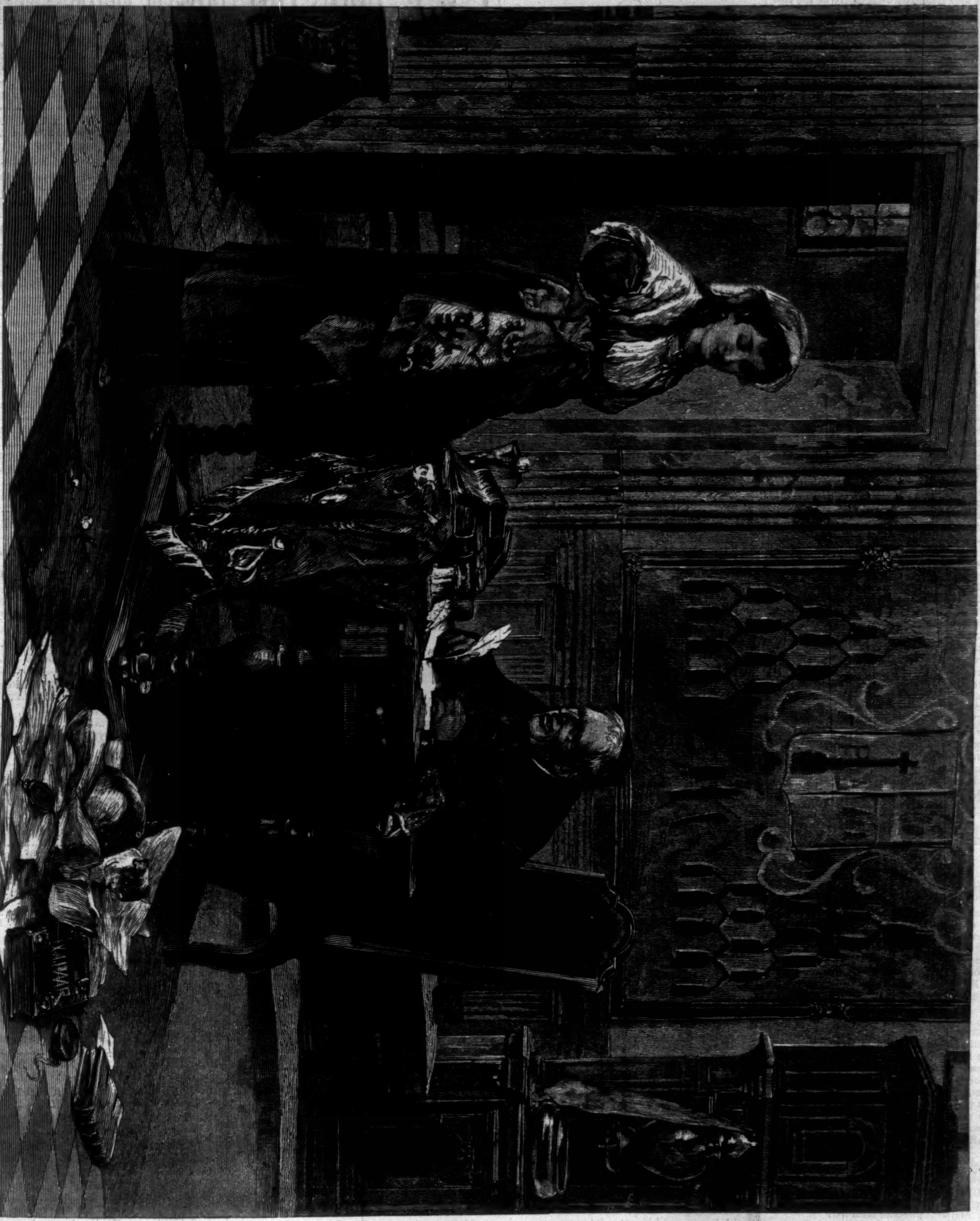
Th. Nast.

ATTACK ON THE RESUMPTION SAFE.

U. S. "If you think to stop my mouth, you will be greatly mistaken. This sudden kindness at your hands will only make me more watchful."



"THE LOVE-LETTER."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY C. KARGER.]

"THE LOVE-LETTER."

INTERCOURSE between lovers is generally very simple and easy. They have every thing in the world to say to each other, and no difficulty in making themselves understood. There is the language of the eyes, of meeting hands, which can express more in an instant than can be told in a novel. But the case is different when it comes to writing letters, especially if one is not accustomed to expressing thoughts and emotions with the pen. The most ardent lover, who was never at a loss for words when he could whisper them into the ear of his adorable one, finds pen, ink, and paper serious obstacles to the flow of language, and labors and frets over his tender epistle as if it were a task in composition at school. Not every one is up to the ingenious plan of an intelligent subject of the Fifteenth Amendment, who bought two copies of a book of love-letters, retained one, and gave the other to his girl. He copied and sent her letter number one, the answer to which she copied and sent to him. In this way they went through the volume, and appeared to take real pleasure in the correspondence. The peasant girl in our picture is evidently untaught in the art of writing, and has sought the assistance of the genial old parish priest, to whom she confides the loving secrets of her heart. He seems to be waiting for the bashful utterance of some very tender sentiment.

PETRELS AND CAPE PIGEONS.

THERE is some confusion as to the birds alluded to under the title albatross and Cape pigeon, the latter being clearly confounded with the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken. So far from the sailors being superstitious as to the capture of the Cape pigeon, which is of a black and white color, and about the size of a tame pigeon, their catching is looked upon as an amusing recreation for the younger passengers on board, and occasionally for the sailors themselves. I have caught many molly-mawks—a bird of the same description, but of smaller size—but never heard of their being edible, and their rank smell is enough to convince most people who have handled them that it would require a very good cook indeed to fix them up into an eatable dish.

The only use I have ever seen them put to has been the preservation of their pinion bones for pipe stems. I have never seen one shot, the method of capture being the dropping overboard of a pork-baited hook at the end of a log-line, the bait being kept stationary (to the limit of the line) by board floats. The albatross is very suspicious, and will touch nothing in motion, so as soon as the line has run out, it must be reeled up and the process begun anew. Hauling a good-sized albatross up a quarter of a mile, with wings and flat feet set against the water, is good work for three or four men. Most are labelled and collared, and let go again.

In southern latitudes the Cape pigeons follow a ship in thousands. They are caught as follows: A common bottle cork is tied to the end of a long piece of thread, and trailed behind the stern so that the cork touches the water. This gives the required tension or tautness to the thread. As the birds fly in clouds from side to side astern, some of them constantly strike the thread with the wing, and the resistance is enough to turn them over it, when the thread is wrapped round the wing, and the bird is hauled on board. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds are thus caught in a day.

I remember when sailing to India on board the ship *St. Lawrence*, with troops, in 1861, and a shipful of passengers, that on the 1st September (the opening day of sport in England) we first struck pigeons, and sweepstakes as to numbers soon took the place of the excitement of hauling a single bird on board. As well as I can recollect, we caught over six hundred to half a dozen corks.

Against such numbers of pigeons, I saw but one stormy petrel caught on that or any other voyage. The ship's doctor, a young surgeon named Garner, caught one on his thread. He took it to his cabin, where, being an enthusiastic naturalist, he proposed to kill and skin it. It was his first voyage, and he was much elated at securing the specimen. Half an hour afterward a deputation from the crew, headed by a boatswain's mate named Hawes, arrived to beg him to let the bird go, or some dire calamity would happen. He agreed to do what they wished, but killed and preserved the bird as soon as their backs were turned—a fact which came to their knowledge later on, when they grumbled exceedingly at the risk he had put the whole ship to.

I forget whether it was on the following Christmas or New-Year's Day, but on one of them, while the *St. Lawrence* was at anchor in the Hoogly, off Calcutta, the doctor dropped dead off his chair after dinner from heart-disease, and, on a visit which I shortly afterward paid the vessel to liquor up those who had brought me through a four months' voyage, the sailors one and all gravely attributed his death to his slaughter of the Mother Carey's chicken; and I am convinced that meddling with another on any future voyage would have provoked that ship's company almost to mutiny.

PAYING FOR VERMIN.

If a man pays his keepers for vermin so much a tail, he will very probably pay for a good deal that has not been killed on his own land. But, as vermin wander a good deal, if they have been killed in the district, it comes to much the same thing. If trappers on any estate are paid so much a head for what they may capture, they are very apt to borrow dead vermin from neighboring trappers who may be merely paid wages without any vermin allowance.

There is no better sport than a good rat hunt, with two or three ferrets and a couple of sharp terriers. Some time ago I went over to a stack-yard built near a small stream; the banks of the stream were honey-combed with rats. We put in the ferrets, and the rats bolted, taking headers into the stream like frogs. We had a couple of trout landing nets with long handles, and as the rats swam down the stream we ladled them out for the terriers. Altogether, in stream and stacks, we killed some thirty or forty rats, and left them lying about. The farmer himself happened to be away on that particular day; but after we were gone one of the farm servants collected the rats, took them to his master, who paid for rats, and got the reward. This was fair enough. But that same morning these same dead rats were carried over to a neighboring farm, and the floor of an old barn was salted with the dead rats. After dark the man turned out with a lantern and some sticks, shut the door of the barn, and kicked up a row. The farmer came out to see what was the matter; the man opened the door, showed him the straw turned over, all the rat-holes stopped, and a score or two of dead rats. He also paid for them. I don't know if these particular rats earned any more money. But if any of the neighboring trappers were working on tail money, he probably would have the last pull out of them.

Fifty years ago the black rat (now extinct) was very common in houses. It lived all over the house—"up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber"—like mice; not like the gray rat, which is mostly confined to the drains and lower story. An old gentleman used to pay his son (a mere boy) so much a tail; sometimes the old gentleman thought the tails were a little dry and shrivelled, and suspected they were not fresh caught—in fact, tails that he had seen before; so, when produced, he took to throwing them in the fire. The boy was a clever rat-catcher, and the rats were getting scarce; so, when he caught them, he cut off the tails merely, letting the old rat go to breed. So much for paying by tails!

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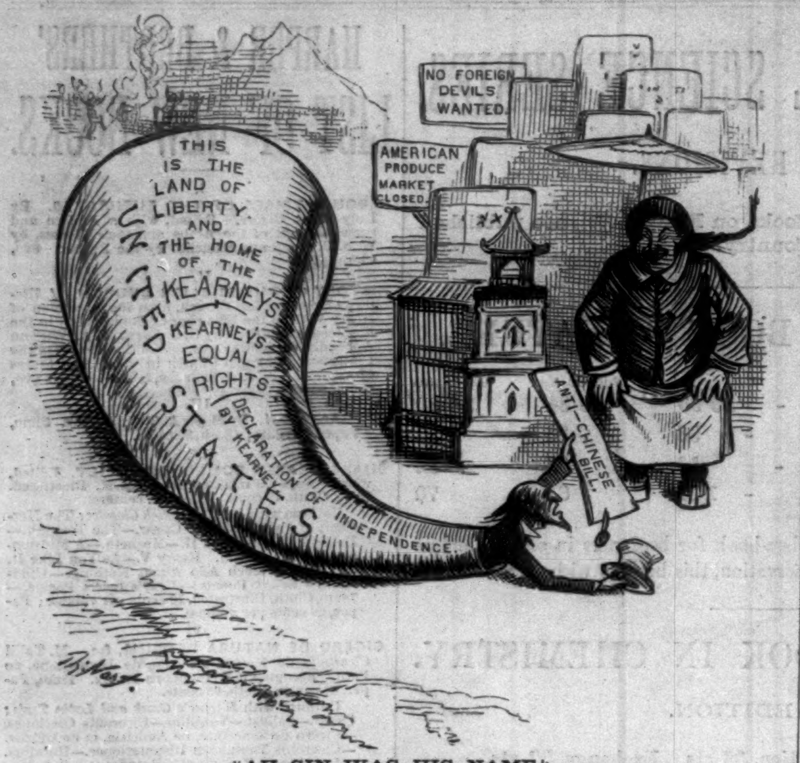
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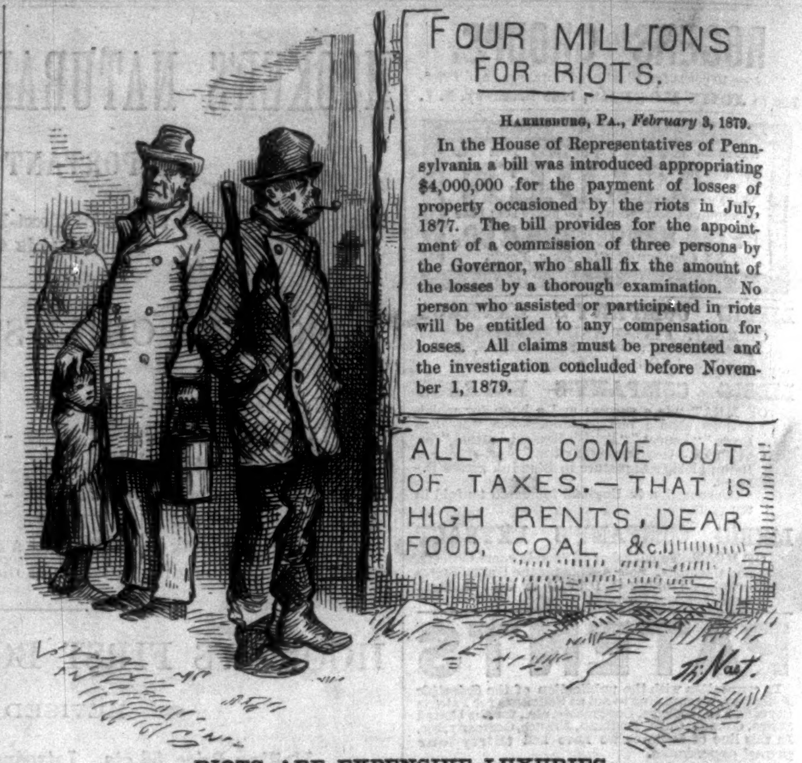
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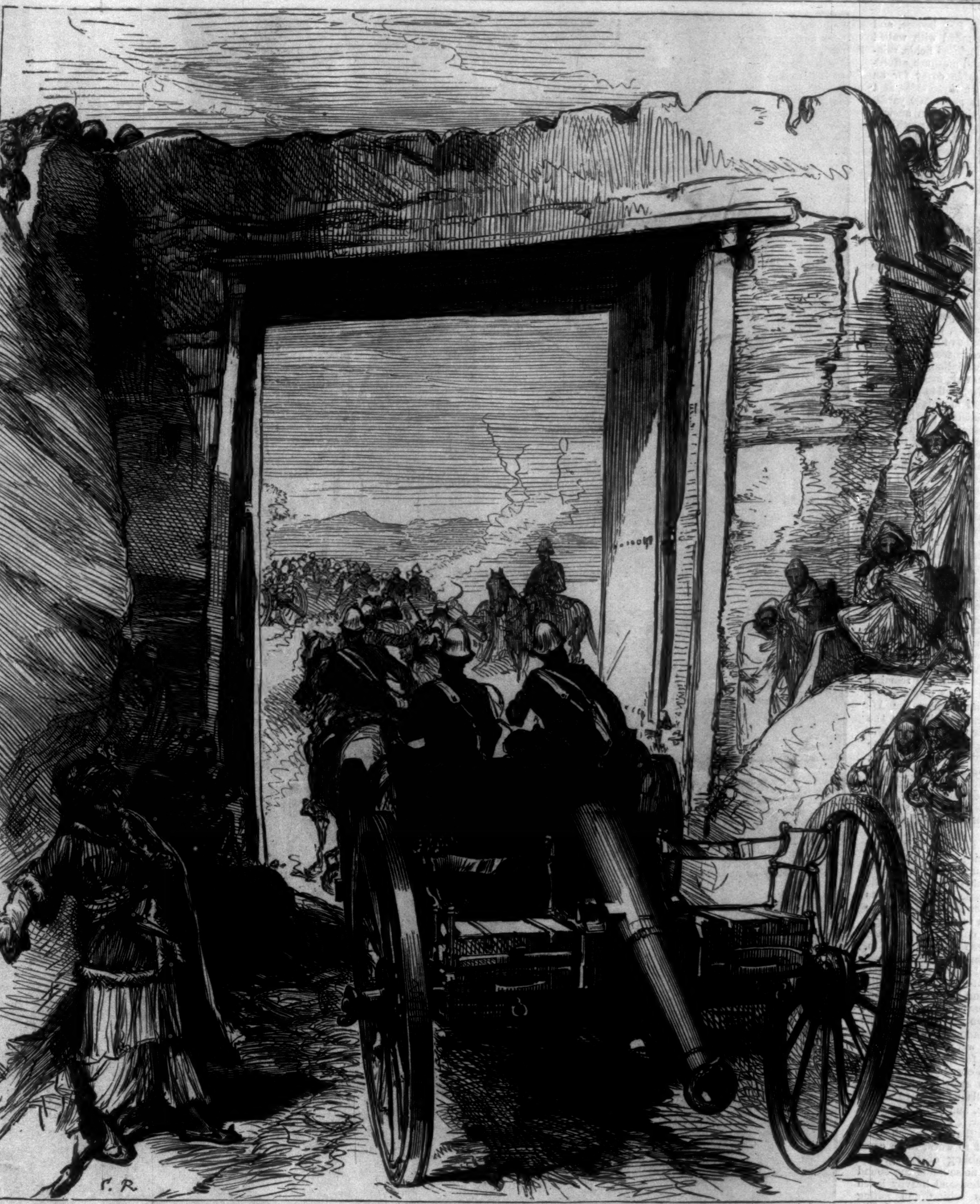

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JELALABAD AND THE PEIWAR PASS.

The Afghan town of Jelalabad occupies a position not far from midway between the English outposts at Peshawur, in the Punjab, and Cabool, the capital of the Ameer's dominions. It is generally described as situated at the western extremity of the Khyber Pass, as Jamrood is at the eastern, the distance between the two points being twenty-eight miles. Since the middle of December the English have been in possession of the town. On the 13th of that month the officials and notables of Jelalabad journeyed to Dakka to tender their submission and services, and four days later General Brown commenced his march in that direction. By the 20th the English troops were established in the fortresses, which offered comparatively good winter-quarters.

Jelalabad is not described as an attractive place by Eastern travellers, and Hough speaks of it as "a small, dirty place, with mud walls, round towers, narrow streets, and a population of about 2000." Its houses cluster upon the alluvial level a little to the south of the Cabool River, and the town stands not quite 2000 feet above the sea. Westward the country rises suddenly to an elevation of 5000 feet, so that the upper portion of the valley has almost a rigorous European climate, while that of the lower is very nearly tropical during the warmer months of summer. Even the hot simoom is not unknown. The numerous rills which flow down from the surrounding heights supply it abundantly with that great necessity of Eastern lands, water for irrigation, and accordingly, even when famine is pressing with terrible severity on the thirsty plains of the Punjab and the desert reaches of Rajpootana, the Afghans of the Jelalabad Valley are harvesting large crops of rice and wheat and millet, not only sufficient for their own wants, but also for exportation to the starving cities in the level below. Fruits are likewise largely cultivated, and mulberries in particular form a special article of food, being dried, and then ground down into a sort of meal, largely consumed by the poorer classes, and often making up the staple of their diet. The central portion of the glen is, in fact, one continuous garden, thickly dotted with little villages of Hindoos or Afghans, and studded with the castles of ancient or modern feudal chieftains.

The Hindoo element, which constitutes every where an important part of Afghan society, is especially conspicuous at Jelalabad, for the whole valley of the Cabool River was once regarded as forming a part of India, to which, as a tributary basin of the Indus water-shed, it naturally belongs. The followers of Buddha, who elsewhere in Afghanistan are found only as bankers and traders among the feudal Pathan aristocracy and peasantry—like the Jews in mediæval Europe—here muster strong as cultivators and artisans. Some of these outlying Hindoo communities belong to the same high caste as the Rajpoots of India, but others rank with the Jats of the Punjab, that fine race of hardy cultivators and sturdy soldiers, who have often fought bravely for their native princes, and who now, under a peaceable rule, form the main-stay of agriculture. In the Jelalabad Valley, as elsewhere, their industry and hardihood insure them success, and raise them far above the lazy Afghan clansmen, whose only real talent is that of robbery and vendetta, but who, of course, look down with the lordly contempt of all predatory classes upon the humble followers of the plough.

Jelalabad is, in fact, a place of considerable antiquity, having been first laid out as a royal residence by the Mogul conqueror Baber, the founder of the Delhi dynasty, commonly known in Europe as the Great Mogul. Driven from his ancestral home in Khokan at the age of twenty-one, the young barbarian swept down the passes of the Hindoo Coosh. The Cabool Valley was the first part of the Indian empire which he succeeded in obtaining, and, strangely enough, was one of the first to slip from the feeble grasp of his descendants. Baber's grandson Akbar, the great organizer of the Mogul dominions—the Darius of the Delhi dynasty, as Baber was its Cyrus—built the existing town and called it Jalalabad (or, as we write it, Jelalabad), that is to say, the city of Jalal, after his own original name of Jalal-ud-din.

In modern times the town of Jelalabad has been rendered famous by the gallant defense of General Sale during the war between the English and Akbar Khan. In the winter of 1841–42 the Ghilzies, one of the most formidable of the Afghan tribes, having gathered with a view to cutting off the communications of the English with India, General Elphinstone sent Sir Robert Sale with two regiments from Cabool to force the Khoord Pass. General Sale set out in October, and fought his way through to Jelalabad, which he reached by the middle of November. Almost immediately afterward a body of Afghan horsemen brought a letter from the weak and confiding Elphinstone, in which the convention entered into with Akbar Khan was announced, and Sale was ordered peremptorily to march with arms, ammunition, and stores to Peshawur, the Afghans promising that the "troops would not be molested on the way." Serious as was the responsibility of refusing to obey orders, General Sale called a council of war, in which, after much doubt and hesitation, it was decided to remain at Jelalabad and defend the place against all who should come. The fortress then consisted of an irregular quadrilateral surrounded by lofty ramparts, with a perimeter of about 2100 yards. The works were of earth, without parapets, ditches, covered way, or outworks of any sort. There were thirty-three bastions, but their construction was so faulty that they were worse than useless. The town con-

THE AFGHAN WAR—ASSAULT ON THE BARRICADE AT THE SPIN-GAWI KOTAL SEC

tained but 300 houses, and was surrounded with walled gardens, inclosed fields, ruined forts and mosques, affording admirable cover for an enemy. On three sides, at a distance of about 500 yards, lay the ruins of an ancient wall. Opposite the southwest angle ran a range of heights completely overlooking the town. Parallel to the north side, within 150 yards, there was a mud bank nearly twenty feet in height. This extended several miles to the east, and afforded a secure and unseen approach for any number of men.

While this course of action was being pursued by the forces of Sir **Robert Sale** at Jelalabad, the disasters that befell other portions of the English army, whose leaders had trusted to the assurances of the treacherous Afghans, baffle description. Twenty-six thousand men, women, and children fell in the rocky defiles and mountain gorges of Afghanistan, partly under the incessant harassment and murderous attacks of the Afghan troops and the wild hill tribes, but more from hunger and the deep snows and wintry blasts of this inhospitable region, 5000 feet above the level of the sea. Of all that host only one, Dr. **Brydon**, made his way alive to Jelalabad, bringing the news that the army of Cabool had ceased to exist. When he arrived he was faint, bleeding, and covered with wounds, and grasped in his hand a small fragment of a sword, his only weapon. Four miles from town the cavalrymen sent out to bring him in found the mutilated remains of three of his companions, after killing whom the Afghans had gone back to the hills, leaving **Brydon**, who had lagged behind, to escape unnoticed. Not another living soul came through the pass, though for several nights lanterns were suspended above the walls and bugles sounded to encourage any who might survive. General **Sale** set himself to work to prepare for a siege, and while the walls were manned with non-combatants trained to handle pikes made out of old hooks and other scraps of iron, the garrison turned out to forage. In two days 170 cattle and 700 sheep were brought in, the former being slain and salted down, and the latter sent out to graze near the walls. Trees and bushes that might afford cover to an enemy were cut down, and even the doors and windows of unoccupied houses were torn away and laid up for fuel. In the middle of February, 1842, **Akbar Khan**'s army arrived before the walls, which were strong already, and daily becoming stronger. Four days later, just as the men marched out and set to work, there came a trembling of the ground and a noise "like the sound of a thousand heavily laden wagons rolling and jolting over an ill-paved street." The men, panic-stricken, rushed out of the trenches, and in an instant walls and houses, splitting asunder, came crashing down. The whole of the parapets were reduced to shapeless heaps of ruins, breaches were made in the walls more accessible than any which the troops had found on their arrival, and scarcely a house in the town but was thrown down or injured. In a few seconds an earthquake undid the work of three months, though providentially the casualties were wonderfully rare, and the stores sustained no damage.

The indefatigable garrison immediately set to work repairing the walls and sending out grass-cutting parties. **Akbar Khan** neglected his best opportunity through wholesome fear of his antagonists, who were at bay behind their mud heap, and confined himself to a galling fire on the foragers and working parties. Remarkable stories are told of the prowess of the garrison. The country, it is said, had been so carefully marked and measured that the artillery practice was phenomenal; one officer is said to have killed a single Afghan horseman with a cannon-ball at a distance of over a mile. Daring sorties were made, in one of which 500 sheep were brought back from the besiegers' flocks. At last, however, food and ammunition both began to fail, and a desperate venture was determined upon. In the early part of April General **Sale**, weary of waiting for General **Pollock**'s advance from Peshawur, sallied out with the whole garrison, and falling upon **Akbar Khan**'s great army, completely routed it, taking camp, baggage, artillery, standards, horses, arms, ammunition—in fact, every thing belonging to the besiegers, who could carry nothing with them in their precipitate flight. From half rations the garrison found themselves suddenly in possession of plenty; indeed, a fair was opened, and provisions sold to the country people. Merriment replaced the anxiety from which the garrison had suffered so keenly, and as General **Pollock**'s army marched up from the Khyber Pass they were received with the old Jacobite melody, "Oh, but ye've been lang a-comin'." When General **Pollock** retired from Cabool, after punishing the Afghans, he destroyed the works at Jelalabad, and although they were to a certain extent repaired by **Dost Mohammed**, they still present a dilapidated appearance, owing to the thoroughness with which the English performed their task.

Our double-page engraving relates to one of the splendid feats of the late war, namely, the forcing of the Peiwar Pass by General **Roberts**. The troops concerned in this great undertaking were mostly Indian, and were formed into two brigades, one commanded by Brigadier **Cobbe**, and the other by Brigadier **Thelwell**. The First Brigade consisted of the Eighth Foot, Fifth Punjab Infantry, Twenty-ninth Native Infantry, and Twenty-third Pioneers, with a mountain train. The Second

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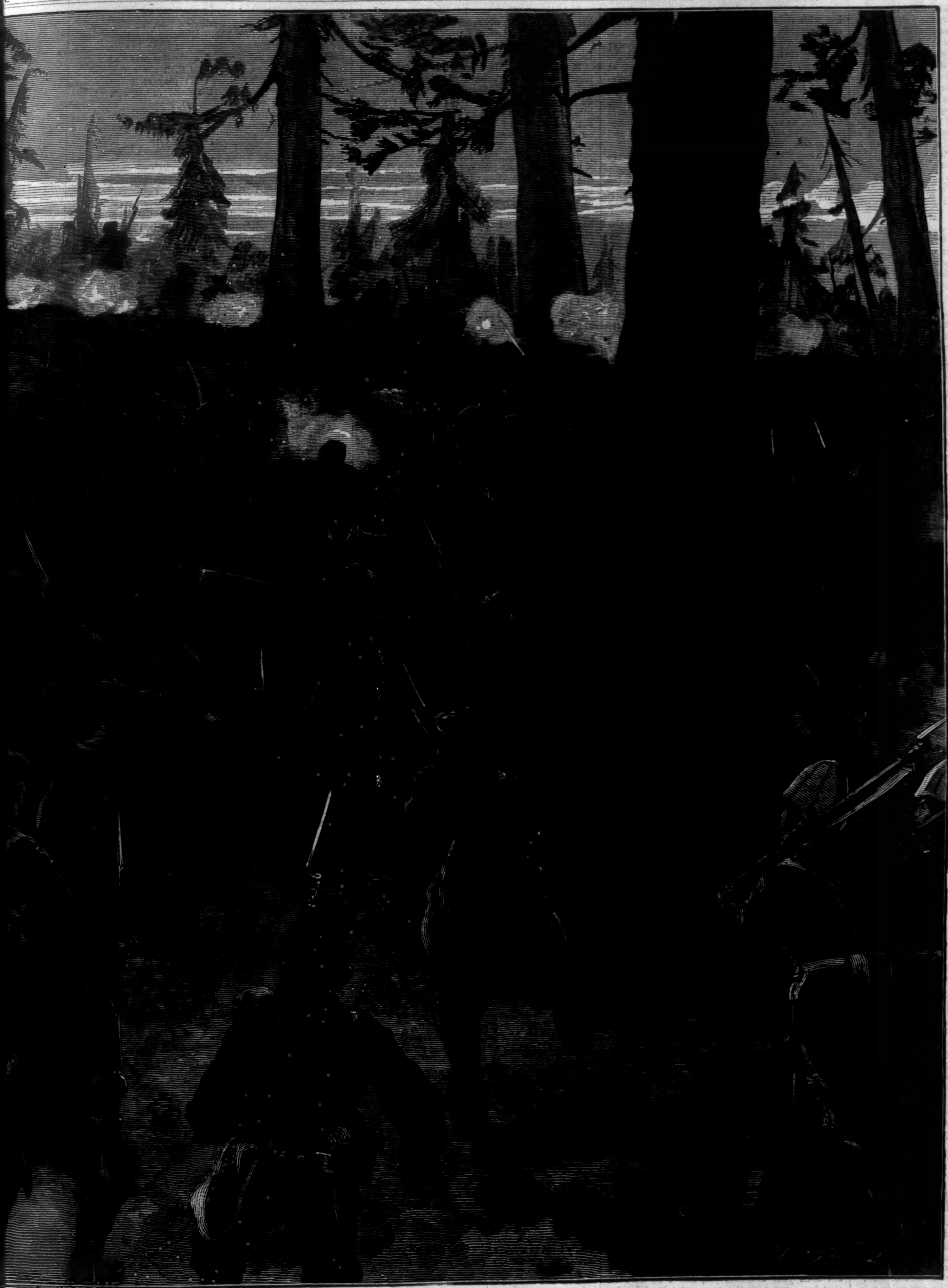

OTAL ECEMBER 2, 1878.—[FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL GORDON, TWENTY NINTH PUNJAB NATIVE INFANTRY.]

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the lat art of last November these d been dually concentrated in the f MOHA AZIM's fort, in the Kurum ith a v o an attack upon the pass. nce be about three o'clock on the of the the troops marching over a eau in ce of a biting wind. About eight o'clock the Twelfth Bengal Cavalry, reconnoitring in front, reported that the enemy had been seen in the villages and undulating ground before the Peiwar Hills. The Twenty-ninth and Fifth Punjab Infantry and two mountain guns were at once detached to the left, and proceeded, under cover of a low range of hills, till they reached the Mangal village of Tooserunge. From this point the road turned up a steep defile, and crossed ranges overlooking the village of Turgia. Here a full view was obtained of the enemy, who appeared to be swarming up the pass in endless columns. The Fifth Punjab Infantry rapidly pushed down and occupied the village, while the Twenty-ninth went up the glen, hoping to gain the summit before dusk. The enemy now commenced firing from higher ground; but the Twenty-ninth pushed on, and the leading companies succeeded in gaining a position well up the glen, amid a thick pine forest. A hot skirmish then opened, the Afghans using their artillery, while the remainder of the division, pushing on directly to the front, came into action, and replied by a sharp infantry and artillery fire. Evening was now far advanced; it was impossible properly to support the Twenty-ninth Native Infantry, and the troops had been under arms since 3 A.M., so General ROBERTS ordered the force to retire to bivouac. On their way back the Twenty-ninth came under a heavy fire from the Afghans, who crowned the crags above, and poured down a brisk fusillade. The Fifth Punjab Infantry covered the retreat admirably, and the whole force ultimately bivouacked under the pass. The casualties were one officer dangerously wounded and sixteen Sepoys killed and wounded.

After this the division halted for two days to enable supplies to come up. The enemy's position, which was very strong, and impregnable in front, consisted of a high range of pine-clad hills and precipitous cliffs. The road over the pass led between high commanding hills. The Afghans occupied a front of some seven miles, and numbered 4000 men. They had twenty-four guns, all placed at commanding points. They had also placed field artillery on the crest of the pass, and amused themselves firing into the camp. The position having been thoroughly reconnoitred, General ROBERTS on the night of the 1st of December set out with five regiments, four horse-artillery guns, and a mountain battery, with a view to surprising and turning the enemy's flank. A force was left in the camp to make the front attack and silence the guns in position. The movement was well planned and ably carried out, despite the difficulties attending the night march. The force moved due south three miles, then turned up the bed of a torrent toward the Spin-gawi Kotal, or crest under the main range. The view of the pass at this point is the one given in our engraving. Here the Afghans had erected a barricade. It was at dawn that the assaulting column came unobserved upon the enemy's intrenchments in the dense pine forest. As day broke, a sharp roll of musketry smote the enemy's line, and in a very few minutes Major FITZHUGH and his gallant Goorkhas had captured the first of the Afghan intrenchments.

The Seventy-second Highlanders and the Twenty-ninth Punjab Infantry then gave material assistance, and before the sun was well up, the whole of the enemy's left flank was gained. Resistance, though short, was determined, and the Afghans left several dead on the ground. On the English side, Captain KELSO, of the Artillery, was shot dead, and several Goorkhas and a number of the Seventy-second Highlanders were wounded. The troops, sweeping through the intrenchments, collected on a wide plateau of the ridge to the left. The Twenty-ninth were sent out to skirmish through the pine forest and along the backbone of the ridge leading down to the pass, the Goorkhas and the Seventy-second Highlanders acting as a support, with the Second Brigade in the rear. The object of the movement was to join hands with the front attack from the camp, whence the heavy guns and the Martini-Henrys of the Eighth could be distinctly heard. The Twenty-ninth pressed on, and for a mile met no resistance; but on reaching the ridge overlooking the Kotal, the enemy were seen crowding up the slopes and forests to the right front, evidently with the object of cutting off the English rear. A sharp skirmish ensued. Some of the Twenty-ninth pushed on to the enemy's ridge, but being overwhelmed by superior numbers, had to fall back a short distance. The Afghans were now in great force, and from nine to four both sides were sharply engaged. A battery then enfiladed the Afghan left flank, and the whole of the English front was lined by the First and Second brigades. An incessant fire was kept up; but at five the general, taking one brigade, made a flank movement to cut off the enemy's retreat, leaving the Second Punjab Infantry to line the ridges, and the Twenty-ninth to guard the wounded.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the pass was evacuated, and the enemy were in full retreat, the flank movement having evidently made them fearful for their communications. The English troops bivouacked on the field at elevations varying from 6000 to 9000 feet. Water was scarce, but wood fortunately was abundant. The loss on the English side amounted to less than 100 men; but that of the Afghans was much larger, 180